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A THOUSAND MILES IN
THE HEART OF AFRICA



BY J. DU PLESSIS



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A THOUSAND MILES IN THE
HEART OF AFRICA



CENTRAL AFRICAN CHIEFS
Assembled for the King's Coronation

A THOUSAND MILES IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

A RECORD OF A VISIT TO THE MISSION-FIELD
OF THE BOER CHURCH IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

J. ~~du~~ PLESSIS, B.A.(CAPE), B.D.(EDIN.)

GENERAL MISSION SECRETARY OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER BY

PROFESSOR J. I. MARAIS, B.A., D.D.(ST. ANDR.)

OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, STELLENBOSCH,
SOUTH AFRICA

WITH TWO MAPS AND TWENTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON
OLIPHANT ANDERSON & FERRIER
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PREFACE

EVERY Sir John Mandeville who undertakes a tour to the uncivilised regions of the globe is from time immemorial expected to recount his experiences for the benefit of the less fortunate stay-at-homes. To remonstrate against the unreasonableness of this exaction were a useless task, and therefore I yield with what grace I can to the kindly importunity of personal friends and a generous public, and publish, not without considerable diffidence, a selection from letters and journals written by myself in the heart of Africa. Those who look in these pages for tales à la Mandeville of

“the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,”

will, I give them fair warning, look in vain. But those who are not unwilling to learn what the Boers are doing for missions, and those who are always ready to be instructed and amused by the manners and customs of strange communities, will, I think, find these chapters not wholly uninteresting. My jottings make no claim to be anything but the impressions caught by a passing traveller,—literary pretensions they have none; nor can I claim any value

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for my observations in the domain of geography or natural history. I trust, however, that the maps I have prepared will be found accurate in all essential features.

My hearty acknowledgments are due to my revered teacher and friend Dr. Marais, Professor of Apologetical Theology at the Theological Seminary, Stellenbosch, for the introductory chapter, and for the warm interest he has evinced in the preparation of this work for the press. My thanks are also due to a member of the Zambesi Industrial Mission for permission to use the excellent full-page illustrations which adorn the volume. Of the smaller illustrations, three are from photographs by Rev. A. G. Murray, now of Mlanda, Nyasaland, and the rest from photographs taken by myself.

J. DU PLESSIS.

SEA POINT, CAPE COLONY,
July 1904.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

BY THE

REV. PROF. MARAIS, D.D.

PRAAYER OF JOHAN VAN RIEBEEK (1652)

(Used at Meetings of Council)

*O Barmhertige, Goedertieren Godt ende Hemelsche
Vader, nadien het uwe goddel^e Maj^{te} gelieft heeft ons
te beroepen over 't bestier der saacken van de N. O. I.
Comp^t alhier aen Cabo de boa Esperance . . . om
sodanige besluyten te maecken waermede den meesten
dienst van de opgemelte Comp^t gevoirdert, de justitie
gehanthaeft, ende ONDER DESE WILDE BRUTALE MEN-
SCHEN (MOGELÿCK SÿNDE) UWE WARE GEREFORMEERDE
CHRISTELÿCKE LEERE METTER TÿDT MOCHTE VOORT-
GEPLANT ENDE VERBREÿT WORDEN, TOT UWES H. NAEMS
LOFF ENDE EERE, . . . soo bidden wy U dat Gÿ met
uwe Vaderlÿcke wijsheyt . . . onse Herten sulx verlichten
wilt . . . dat wy niet anders besluyten als 't gene mach
strecken tot grootmaeckinge ende loff van uwen alderheÿ-
lighsten naeme.*

(Translation of words in small capitals on p. 18.)

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

(REV. PROF. MARAIS, D.D.)

THE following pages present to English readers a sketch of mission work done by the Dutch Reformed Church in Central Africa. That work was undertaken as the result of a Conference at which the state of the heathen world was specially laid before the Lord. The cry which reached the ears of Christendom from the Dark Continent then being opened up appealed to the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, and a few devoted men and women were sent as pioneers, some fifteen years ago, to establish the mission. They were succeeded by others, some of whom have had to lay down their lives in their Master's cause. Stricken by fever, they found a too early grave in the new mission-field. But every fresh grave acted as a beacon-light in the land of darkness and of death. Missionary after missionary was sent, station after station established, and the work has slowly but steadily grown. At the present day there are seven stations in Central Angoniland, with thirty-two missionaries, teachers, and lay-helpers. This represents but a portion of the work done by the Dutch Reformed Church. It certainly is the

most flourishing field, though the youngest. Southwards in Mashonaland, in Bechuanaland, in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, good work is being done; but the political troubles of the last few years have seriously hampered that work. The future, however, is hopeful, for missionary zeal is keener among the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of Southern Africa than ever before. Every section of the Church is girding itself to the task, and various societies have been organised to strengthen the hands of its leaders in the work entrusted to them.

The Dutch Reformed Church is practically unknown to English Christians outside of South Africa, and its various agencies for the spread of the Master's Kingdom are not considered worthy of a record in treatises devoted to the discussion of mission work. And yet it may boast of a well-organised mission-church, with its own Synod, its own presbyteries, meeting regularly and managing the affairs of an ever-growing community of coloured or native Christians within the bounds of the Colony. It has a training-school for missionaries, which year after year is sending out a number of earnest workers, ordained and unordained, to every corner of the field entrusted to its care. Wherever the Dutch have settled, these workers may be found. Among the descendants of the slaves, emancipated in 1838, various congregations have thus been established, which, united in proper ecclesiastical supervision and organisation, form a body by no means insignificant. In the Theological Seminary for the training of ministers the "Students' Volunteer

Movement" is a recognised institution, while the "Theological Students' Missionary Society" is a valuable help in providing means and men for the cause the Church has at heart. A "Women's Mission Bond" is another organisation whose influence makes itself felt. Its special aim is to procure and to train women-helpers for the various centres of mission work in the Church. Representatives of that "Bond" may be met with in places like Johannesburg and Kimberley, where their labours among the poor and lapsed are highly appreciated, as well as in Central Angoniland, in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

These various organisations are of somewhat late date. The nineteenth century was well advanced before the Church ventured upon a work among the heathen beyond the borders of the Colony. But the history of the Church has been a somewhat peculiar one. Before the occupation of South Africa by the British in the early years of the nineteenth century it was not free. The Classis of Amsterdam had control of the Church in South Africa. After the Occupation it was not free. It had no Synod, no ecclesiastical organisation. It was dependent upon the State for everything. Its ministers were appointed by the Colonial Office in Cape Town, and sometimes deposed if that Department of Government thought fit to interfere. Organised mission work under such conditions was therefore entirely out of the question. As late as 1824 no Synod was allowed to be held; and when at last that body assembled in Cape Town, representing a mere handful of congregations, two

Political Commissioners with power of veto had the right, and exercised it too, of interfering in the discussions of that august Assembly. No resolution could be adopted without the sanction obtained of the authorities in Downing Street. The Church existed; but it was a bare existence,—it was a veritable struggle for existence. Mission work on a very limited scale was all that could be undertaken in the early decades of the nineteenth century.

Political troubles, frontier wars, distracted the Community in those early years of storm and stress. In 1836 the "Great Trek" northwards was undertaken, with all its strange vicissitudes. Into the unknown North the Church could not at once follow the pioneers. When the wanderers had settled down, after trials innumerable, in the regions beyond the Orange and the Vaal, and order had been established, the Mother-Church had its opportunity of bringing under ecclesiastical rule and organisation the scattered communities in the then so distant North. The history of the Dutch Reformed Church in the early years of the nineteenth century has indeed been one of constant struggle against almost overwhelming difficulties. "*Luctor et emergo*" might have been its motto: "*Nec tamen consumebatur*" was literally its daily experience.

It is a remarkable fact—though one not always believed by hostile critics who pretend to a knowledge they do not possess—that the Dutch Reformed Church has never been without its devoted mission friends. Godly men have upheld the cause within its borders, while other Churches were lukewarm and lacking in

enthusiasm. At the *close* of the eighteenth century (in 1791) *e.g.*, the whole number of white people in South Africa stood at only 15,000,—no great increase upon the white population as it stood at the *beginning* of that century. Then, only 1400 whites, including the women and children, were to be found in the whole of South Africa. Of these only two-thirds were Dutch, while the remaining third was divided between French and German. An increase of 10,000 in a century does not speak well for the settlement. Its slow growth was but an indication of the many difficulties which seem to be this country's heritage. And yet, with a white population so insignificant in numbers and scattered over such an area, the needs of the black man received fair consideration. The eighteenth century was not characterised by great religious zeal and enterprise. Missionary enthusiasm is a growth of the nineteenth century. Our most noteworthy missionary societies arose in the early years of that century, amid opposition of a more or less determined character. Scotland, now honoured of God on account of its zeal in the Master's cause, considered mission work among the heathen as preposterous and premature. In 1796 the General Assembly adopted the following resolution: "To spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel among barbarous and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous in so far as it anticipates, nay, even reverses, the order of nature." The minister who carried this resolution became its Moderator. While the Scottish Church thus set its face in opposition to all mission work,

the Dutch Church in South Africa awoke to a keener sense of its responsibilities to the heathen around. For on the 21st of April 1799 the "South African Society for the Propagation and Extension of Christ's Kingdom" was formed. Its first article was as follows: "The object of this Society shall be the extension of Christ's Kingdom among the uncivilised in this Colony and the heathen both within and without the Colony, by all means within its power." The preparation for the work of the Society was made by godly men within the Dutch Reformed Church, who laboured with earnestness and zeal in the interests of the Gospel.

Both by nature and tradition the Dutch in South Africa have been friends of mission work. Their forefathers, on setting foot in South Africa, strove according to their lights to draw the natives into the bonds of the Gospel. Johan van Riebeeck, the first commander under the *régime* of the Dutch East India Company, on landing in Table Bay in 1652, offered up a remarkable prayer, still preserved in the records, in which he expressed the earnest desire that "among these brutal men the true Reformed religion may be propagated and extended." This prayer was repeated at every meeting of the Council. Van Riebeeck, moreover, in a proclamation issued the day after his arrival, urged upon the little colony of whites the necessity of conciliating the natives in every way. "If anyone be found"—so ran one of the clauses—"treating the natives harshly by striking or injuring them, whether he be in the right or wrong, he will be punished before them all, and condemned to receive

fifty strokes with the cane, in order that the natives may be assured of our goodwill." The spirit displayed by Van Riebeeck was not singular; for in the Memorial submitted by *Leendert Jansz* and *Nicolaas Proot*, who had been shipwrecked at the Cape in 1648, and had subsequently urged a permanent settlement there, a like desire was expressed: "That many souls may be won for our Reformed religion and for God." Some of the ablest and noblest of the Dutch theologians of the day supported these claims. Professor Hoornbeek of Utrecht maintained that God had given the Netherlands the privilege of founding colonies, not merely for increasing their wealth, but in order to enable them to bring to the heathen the knowledge of the true God, and thus gain them over to the true religion and also to civilisation and morality. Justus Heurnius of Leyden pleaded with the authorities "that God had opened for the Netherlands the wealth of the Indies, in order to extend the Kingdom of Christ in the vast lands of the East."

Equally interesting is the fact that Van Riebeeck's brother-in-law, Pieter van der Stael, was one of the first to open a school for the natives, with the full sanction and encouragement of the Dutch Governor. The degraded beach-rangers, herding on the slopes of Lion's Head, were sought out in their miserable hovels, and brought, for a time at least, under the influence of the Gospel.

To idealise the early settlers is easy; to vilify still easier. They honestly believed that Christianity is one of the factors, if not the chief factor, in civilisa-

tion, and they tried to act up to their conviction, Enlightened missionary zeal was not to be found among them. Their views of Christianity were somewhat utilitarian. The honour of God and the good of the settlement ran, in their estimation, on parallel lines. Yet it cannot be denied that, while the Dutch East India Company showed a laudable zeal in upholding the Reformed religion in its settlements, the English East India Company was for many years the most intolerant enemy of Christianity in British India.¹

With such traditions the Dutch Reformed Church is destined to become a true mission-church. Hitherto its work has been of a somewhat tentative character. Its mission stations in the Transvaal have suffered seriously during the war; its work at Mochudi in Bechuanaland has been carried on under serious drawbacks. But among the Banyai in Mashonaland, and among the natives of Central Africa, more than ordinary success has crowned its efforts. The war has broadened its sympathies, and a wonderful revival of missionary zeal has been the result. A second Missionary Training Institute was established in order to accommodate the "volunteers" who came forward after the restoration of peace to devote themselves to work among the heathen. When one considers the present condition of South Africa, after the devastation caused by war, there is reason for gratitude to Almighty God for what He has done in and through the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa.

¹ George Smith, *Short History of Christian Missions*, p. 145.





CHAPTER I
THE GATEWAY TO CENTRAL AFRICA

Three great inlets, three mighty rivers piercing to the very heart of Africa, have been allocated by a kind Nature, one to each of its solid sides. On the north is the river of the past, flowing through Egypt, as Leigh Hunt says, "like some grave mighty thought threading a dream"; on the west is the river of the future, the not less mysterious Congo; and on the east the little-known Zambesi. . . .

With the Zambesi, the Shiré, and this great lake (Nyasa), we have the one thing required to open up East Central Africa—a water-route to the interior.—
PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER I

THE GATEWAY TO CENTRAL AFRICA

IT was on a rainy Saturday afternoon in the April of 1903 that a party of missionaries embarked at Cape Town, bound for the Lake Regions of Central Africa. The good boat *Herzog* of the German East African Line lay anchored in Table Bay, and thither the party, temporarily augmented by a number of friends, was swiftly borne by a panting steam-tug. Adieus are never cheerful things, and the weeping heavens cast over the scene an additional gloom, which the ship's band bravely strove to dispel by striking up a martial air. Presently the alarm was sounded, the last lingerer scurried overboard, the tug sheered off, and our stately vessel hove anchor and steamed slowly out to sea. A head wind, rolling seas, and heavy pelting showers soon drove all but the hardiest sailors below. The coast voyage to Natal has enjoyed an unenviable reputation ever since Diaz christened Cape Point "*Cabo Tormentoso*," and our experiences justified the appellation. Beyond Durban, however, where the rough Atlantic is fairly exchanged for the serene skies and smooth waters of the Indian Ocean, we rejoiced in a succession of halcyon days.

DELAGOA BAY

May 7, 1903.—We arrived at this port last evening ; but as it is a somewhat long passage into the bay in which Lorenço Marques lies, we anchored outside all night, and only entered this morning. Our journey from Durban, which we left at five on Tuesday morning, occupied twenty-four hours. Delagoa Bay is certainly a fine natural harbour, perfectly protected against all possible storms. The climate of this region seems to be the only thing with which Lorenço Marques has to contend. Certainly the land is very low-lying: the highest point about here cannot be more than 150 feet above sea-level. Away in the dim distance we can descry a range of blue mountains, which must be the Komati Poort Range—the boundary between Portuguese territory and the Transvaal.

This afternoon ten of us South Africans had a brief run ashore. Streets are well kept and shady, but there seems to be no storm-water drainage, and pools of water still stand around in the thoroughfares to show that there have been heavy downpours lately. Carriages and rickshas ply in the streets, as in Durban. The houses are of a peculiar species of architecture—Portuguese, I suppose. On the hill are situated the best residences, environed in gardens full of tropical shrubs and trees. In the bay the scene is a busy and picturesque one. There are about six steamers in the harbour at present, of which two are apparently Portuguese men-of-war. Little tugs rush to and fro, touching for a moment at the



DELAGOA BAY



R.C. MISSION STATION AT SHUPANGA
Near which is Mrs Livingstone's Grave

various vessels, like butterflies that kiss flowers and then pass on. Boats with huge Eastern lateen sails glide smoothly along, forming a strong contrast to the puffing, restless steam-tugs. In brief, there is more life and movement here than I anticipated. With such secure anchorage, Lorenço Marques has great possibilities of development.

BEIRA (pronounced BAYRA)

May 11, 1903.—We reached this port early this (Monday) morning, after a pleasant voyage from Delagoa Bay. The number of our passengers was considerably augmented by the contingent which joined us at Delagoa Bay, and we are now fairly crowded. Some more missionaries—M. Berthoud, M. and Mme. Eberhardt, of the Swiss Evangelical Mission—have now joined us, and we form quite an influential party.

We went ashore this morning to visit the town. I saw nothing but sand and stagnation. On both sides of the road—Beira seems to possess only one—runs a good cement pavement; but street there is none, only heavy sand. In the middle of this sandy way, yclept street, runs a narrow-gauge tram-rail, on which move trollies propelled by two swarthy Kafirs, and these trollies convey the more favoured portion of the community, who are the happy possessors of the said trollies. At certain hours a tram-car, drawn by a miniature steam-engine, also plies from one end of the town to the other. For the rest, the place bears evident traces of stagnation. Dozens of houses

exhibit on their front doors the mournful legend "To Let." Animals there are none—at least I saw no horse, no ox, no cow, no mule or donkey, not even a dog, nothing but a few black goats, and a dozen or so of half-starved chickens. The country around Beira is quite flat, and there are not even the 150 feet high hills which we saw at Lorenzo Marques.

CHINDE

Keiller's Hotel, May 13, 1903.—This morning at daybreak we were sailing along the African coast near Chinde. Shortly before seven a small steamer of the German Line was made out, coming towards us from the coast. It proved to be the *Adjutant*, which was to take us over the bar at the Chinde mouth of the Zambesi. By 8.30 we were on board the small vessel, and shortly after the *Herzog* with our friends, old and new, steamed away, and soon was lost to sight on the horizon. So broke the last link which united us to South Africa. Henceforth our faces must be resolutely directed to Central Africa. For nearly seven hours we lay at anchor just outside the bar, waiting for the tide to become favourable. At length we managed to cross in safety, and anchored at 4 p.m. opposite the township of Chinde. The Portuguese authorities here proved to be very fussy. A doctor came on board, who examined each of us separately as to lungs and chest, lest by some chance we should have brought the bubonic plague from Durban. As we do not intend lying on Portuguese soil one minute more than is absolutely necessary, such careful diag-

nosis of our possible symptoms would seem to be gratuitous. Our luggage, too, has to be disinfected for twenty-four hours, and we shall have to wait here during the process. We have not been allowed to bring even the smallest handbag with us, and shall be compelled to sleep in our clothes to-night, and to forgo combing our hair to-morrow.

I wrote of Beira as being the synonym for sand. The same is true of Chinde, only more so. All the streets—save the mark—are simply heavy sand, and to walk one hundred yards here demands as great an expenditure of energy as to walk half a mile at Sea Point. The first thing that strikes one here is the abundance and cheapness of native labour, Natives by the hundreds, with nothing on but a loin-cloth, swarm around you on every side. When you stop to make a purchase a crowd gathers about you. When you move on they follow. You seem to be constantly inquiring of them: "Why stand ye all the day idle?" and to be constantly hearing in answer: "Because no man hath hired us." The finest sight at Chinde is the magnificent river. The Zambesi here is about one thousand yards broad. This is, however, only one of the mouths of the great river, and, once we are out of the delta and on the stream itself, we expect to see an even finer sight.

THE ZAMBESI

"Empress," on the Zambesi, May 18, 1903.—On Friday evening last we came on board this boat, belonging to the A.L.C.L. (African Lakes Corpora-

tion Limited). All the river boats of newest model are stern-wheelers, *i.e.* they have only one paddle-wheel, at the stern of the vessel. The boat is two storeys high: on the lower deck, about 15 to 18 inches above water, are situated the cabins and the engineering department; on the upper deck are the saloon, captain's cabin, and one state-room. It is on this upper deck that we passengers spend all our time. On the Saturday morning before daybreak sundry noises conveyed to us the welcome information that preparations were being made for a start, and, shortly after, our vessel was under weigh. No one slept late on that first morning on the mighty Zambesi. And a magnificent sight met our eyes when at length sunlight flooded the scene: A majestic stream, calm as a mill-pond; islets dotting the surface of the water at various points; banks clothed to their very edges with dense brakes of slender reed and graceful pampas grass; occasional clumps of tropical palms, to relieve the monotony of the river-banks; birds by the hundreds, and of magnificent plumage; from time to time the huge ungainly head of a hippopotamus, who, however, keeps at a safe distance from the smoking monster which experience has taught him to dread. At every open space along the river-bank—which spaces natives dignify with the name of *doko*, or ford—we see a group of the inhabitants of the country. There they stand, naked open-mouthed children in front, sturdy men, and women with infants slung on back, behind, staring at a sight which never loses interest for them—the white man and the white man's giant

fire-eating canoe. To the native of Central Africa it is no longer matter of wonder that the white man can do marvellous things; he only wonders now that there are still things which the white man cannot do.

One morning we awoke to find ourselves enveloped in a dense fog. Unable to find his proper channel, the captain had run his boat into a sandbank. At once a very babel of confused shouting arose; every man seemed to yell at his neighbour as if he held him accountable for the *contretemps*. Every member of the black crew plunged instanter into the water (no elaborate undressing being necessary), everyone put his shoulder to the vessel and pushed with might and main. No result. They seize the slender weeds that have twined themselves around the great stern-paddle like venomous serpents and drag them off, and the paddle works again. Now a long push, and a strong push, and a push all together, and the *Empress* moves. Every native makes a rush for the boat, drags himself aboard, ties on his loin-cloth (a towel being an article *de luxe* unknown to their primitive conditions), and is ready for further duties.

After breakfast on Sunday morning we reached Shupanga, where through our captain's kindness we were able to disembark in order to pay a visit to the grave of Mrs. Livingstone, dug forty years ago. Many thoughts filled our hearts as we stood by that lonely graveside. A missionary's daughter, a missionary's wife, paying the price which God asks from all who would serve Him faithfully — privation, separation from her dear ones, a wasting sickness, a lonely death. A poor record, one might say. Yes, as

measured in earth's standards; but as measured by another standard, how rich! Rest in peace, noble sister; though thou liest not by thy husband's side in yon stately Abbey, thy grave is none the less a tomb of honour.

THE SHIRÉ (two syllables)

One hundred miles from the mouth of the Zambesi there flows into it from the north the river Shiré, the outlet for the waters of Lake Nyasa. On steaming on to the bosom of the Shiré, we find the aspect of the country beginning to alter. We have now passed the long, malarious plain, through which the sluggish Zambesi winds. Before us on the left we see a range of low hills, flanked by groves of magnificent borassus palms; on the right we descry a lofty mountain, Morumbala. Presently we find ourselves passing between densely-wooded hills, which literally overhang the river. The silent stream, the fresh quiet air, the clear blue sky, the wealth of foliage and vegetation, make this morning's scenes an experience to be remembered. From time to time our boat stops at a wooding station. Piles of wood ready cut to suitable lengths lie stacked on the river-bank for the steamer's consumption, and an hour or two are spent in getting a supply on board. Meanwhile we passengers have an opportunity of doing a little exploring on our own account. We visit a neighbouring native village, and observe their dwellings, their granaries (always raised some feet above the ground as a defence against the white

ants), their occupations (grinding corn, weaving, basket-making), their customs (the natives here greet you by stepping out of your way, and as you approach scraping each foot alternately backward on the ground). What a field for the anthropologist! Primitive man, without clothes, without needs, without cares, without civilisation, without religion, leads a self-contained and happy life, and needs only that we shall bring him the Gospel, which is able to make him wise unto salvation.

Ascension Day, May 21, 1903.—For three days we continued our river journey by the *Empress*, starting at daybreak and pushing on until dark, when our captain would run up to the bank and make fast for the night. Behold our dusky crew forthwith swarm over the sides, collect firewood, and quickly build roaring fires, at which the only good meal of the day which they permit themselves to enjoy is prepared. Rice, mealies, kafir-corn are the staple foods. On the fourth day we were compelled, owing to increasing difficulties in the way of piloting the *Empress* through the now shallow waters of the Shiré, to transfer ourselves and our belongings to the *Henry Henderson*, a craft of smaller draught, greater age, and less comfort than the *Empress*. Our fine spacious saloon was now exchanged for an open space at the stern, where we partook of our meals exposed to every wind that blew, our cabins were close and confined, our promenade-deck undefended by any railing. A brief twenty-four hours was the extent of our stay on the smaller vessel, and then we were to discover that our quarters would shrink to still smaller dimen-

sions, our promenade-deck admit of no promenading, and our saloon table disappear completely, to be replaced by an empty packing-case. For after reaching Port Herald (a British station, with post-office), we were compelled to take to houseboats to continue and complete our journey. These houseboats are propelled by natives, who use for the purpose long, stout reeds. Occasionally the boats run aground on the sand, and we have to be freed by dint of considerable exertion. Sometimes, but very rarely, the natives find the water too deep to reach bottom with their 10-foot reeds, and then the houseboat drifts helplessly, until some shallower channel is gained where the reeds can again be employed to some purpose. The size of these boats varies: some are 25 or 30 feet long, some only 10 or 15 feet. The bit of deck fore and aft is appropriated by the punters, who perform their work with perfect regularity, but rarely in silence, and generally to the accompaniment of a monotonous chant. The middle of the boat is occupied by a little house—the interior being our cabin, and the deck our couch, saloon and lookout combined.

Our food in the houseboats, though infinite in variety, does not possess the freshness of what we enjoyed on the *Empress*. We have had to say farewell to the "new corn of the land," and betake ourselves to the wilderness provisions prepared for us by Mr. J. T. Morton. The *boerbeschuit*, *biltong*, *meebos*, and *moskomfijt* of South Africa are now requisitioned, and so we manage to make life (culinarily speaking) endurable.

Chiromo, May 22, 1903.—Chiromo is situated at the junction of the Ruo River with the Shiré, and is the seat of the British Customs officer. We have to pay 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duties on all we import. My rifle, which cost me a pretty figure already at Durban, now demands another £2, 10s. for licences, plus the amount of duty to be levied on it. After such an expensive entrance, it can surely hardly fail to bag me an elephant or a lion at the very least. Some passengers prefer the overland trail to Blantyre from this point, and our two friends, Messrs. Clark and Turner, of the L.M.S., adopt that route; but we decide that we shall have more than enough of machila journeying in the near future, and that we would do wisely to keep to our boats, spite of mosquitoes and cockroaches, and the tinned uneatables of J. T. Morton. So for three days more we continue our river voyage. The birds sing as sweetly and flit as gaily from bank to bank; the hippos still condescend to glance at us with mild, contemptuous eye, and to yawn in our faces with undisguised impoliteness, displaying huge, cavernous jaws; the crocks (crocodiles) still offer us fair sport, and disappear in the water with a loud splash, and an activity which is astonishing in so short-limbed a creature; and yet, for all that, we are heartily glad when at length our ten days' journey on the river draws to an end. At noon on Monday, May 25—just a month after leaving Cape Town—we stepped ashore at Katunga. The sea and water routes had now failed us; we should now travel on African soil and *more Africano*.

CHAPTER II

MISSIONS AT WORK

I had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and had no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced, and then at last annihilated. Those who deblaterate against missions have only one thing to do—to come and see them on the spot. They will see a great deal of good done; they will see a race being forwarded in many different directions, and I believe, if they be honest persons, they will cease to complain of mission work and its defects.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER II

MISSIONS AT WORK

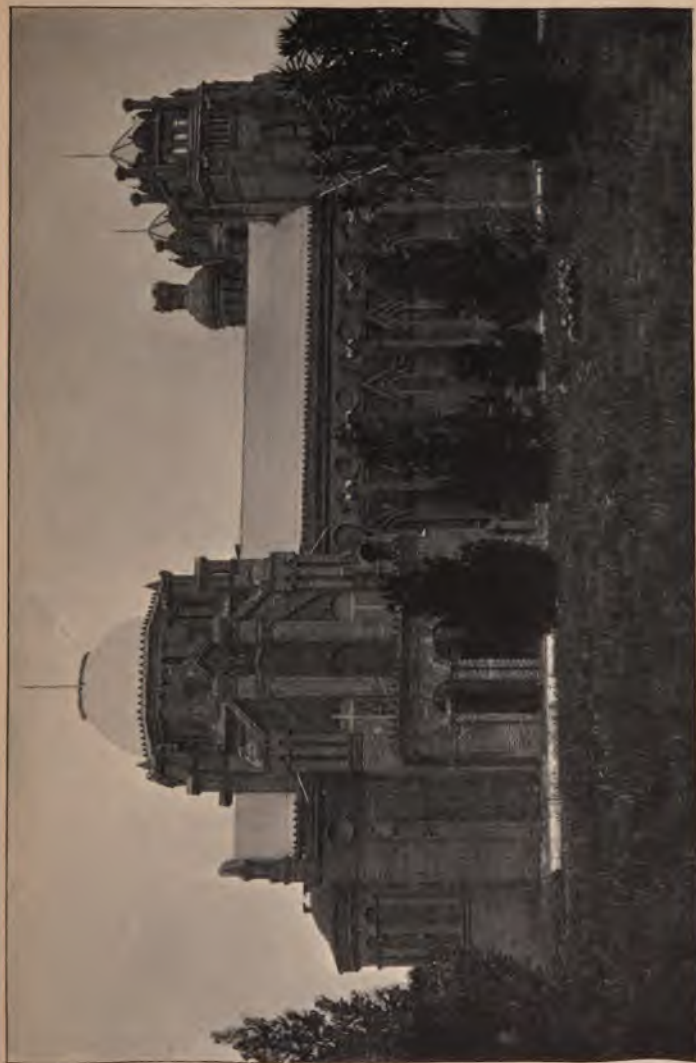
BLANTYRE

THE road from Katunga to Blantyre is a continuous ascent, for, while the former place is only some 300 feet above sea-level, the latter is about 3000. Blantyre, which is distant some twenty-eight miles from Katunga, was founded in 1876 as the first mission station of the Established Church of Scotland. Since then the work has grown, but, if one might so put it, more in intension than in extension. This mission counts few mission stations, and has at no time possessed a large staff of workers. They give themselves, however, with great devotion to educational and industrial work, and are more concerned about educating and elevating the few than about evangelising the many. The missionaries of the Established Church, too, have been to the fore in linguistic research. Dr. Clement Scott's monumental *Mang'anja Dictionary* remains the one book which the student of the Lake languages must have always at his elbow. Dr. Affleck Scott's translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been for years a favourite

school reader. Dr. Hetherwick, the present missionary-in-charge at Blantyre, has given us a *Handbook of the Yao Language*, and more recently *A Manual of the Nyanja Language*, which has at once taken its place as the standard grammar of Chinyanja.

The Blantyre Cathedral comes upon one as a great surprise. We have already grown so accustomed to the characteristically African houses, with their long, sloping thatch-roofs, terminating in the broad verandah, that an edifice like this astonishes almost as much as would the discovery of a Madonna of Raphael's in a native hut. Here we have a stately church, with massive pillars, Gothic arches, stained-glass windows, an altar, and all the appurtenances of an English or Scottish minster. Why was so costly a place of worship erected in the heart of heathendom? we ask. As a means of educating the native mind to realise the solemnity and sublimity of religion, is the reply.

Dr. Hetherwick, in the limited time we could give to the Blantyre work, kindly introduced us to his schools, where an education is given which for Central Africa may fairly be called advanced. Next he took us through the workshops, and showed us his boys making most excellent furniture, which is bought up readily by the European inhabitants of the place. He showed us, too, his printing-press, whence issue publications religious, educational, commercial, political. Under the guidance of Dr. Norris, the medical missionary, we also visited the Blantyre Hospital—several roomy, lofty buildings—where scores of patients are treated daily, and thousands



BLANTYRE CATHEDRAL
(*Church of Scotland*)

annually. It is a pleasure to be able to state that the public of Blantyre—a small community—are liberal in their support of this noble institution.

MITSIDI

Three miles from Blantyre lies Mitsidi, the chief station of the Zambesi Industrial Mission. If Blantyre is noted for the educational and medical work done there, Mitsidi is no less distinguished for its industrial schemes. Mr. Miller, the missionary, showed us his wheat, coffee, and cotton crops. He introduced us to his steam-mill, to his saw-pits and timber store, to his cotton-cleaning and cotton-packing machinery. In his estimation there is a great future for the cotton-grower in Nyasaland, but coffee-farming, he thinks, has seen its best days. The Z.I.M., however, also does spiritual work. The mission has its schools, its baptism classes, its regular congregations; it sends forth its teachers to instruct, and its evangelists to proclaim the glad tidings. But it is perhaps a fair criticism to say that as in the Church of Scotland the educational factor is most prominent, so in the Z.I.M. industrial work occupies the place of honour, while in both cases evangelistic work is in danger of being to some extent overshadowed by the other undertakings.

OUR TRAVELS BEGIN

Etymologists tell us that "travels" are "travails," and he who journeys through Central Africa will have

frequent occasion to reinforce etymology by experience. In Mr. Miller we happily found the friend who could interpret our needs to our carriers, select for us the best route, and get us fairly started on our way. Before us lay a journey of 120 miles to the nearest station of our own mission. One hundred and twenty miles mean nothing to the traveller by comfortable steamer or luxurious Pullman car; but they have great significance for the African missionary. To him the phrase means a long and wearying journey, a considerable caravan of carriers who must be duly fed, the possibility of serious illness, endless and vexatious delays, oppressive heat, frequent hunger and thirst.

May 28, 1903.—We took our departure from the hospitable roof of Mr. Miller, which had been our shelter for two days. As there were seven of us, and each had twelve machila-carriers, our departure was not accomplished without much noise and confusion. Each team of machila-men is eager to secure the lightest passenger, and as I weigh only 120 lbs. I was the candidate most favoured. Unintentionally I began to mount the machila of Mr. E., who scales 180 lbs.; his carriers meanwhile preserving strict silence, but encouraging me to make myself comfortable. Some of my own men, however, were on the watch, and discovered betimes the trick which was being played on them. They rushed up to me, and with wealth of diction which I understood not at all, and wealth of gesticulation which I understood very well, made plain to me that I was their own inalienable burden, and exchangeable for no other. My staff of carriers and that of Mr. E. thereupon

indulged in some good-humoured recriminations, while the others who had witnessed this piece of by-play laughed loud and long.

Machila-travelling is, to my mind, a by no means unpleasant means of locomotion. A hammock of canvas is slung on a 20-foot pole, either a bamboo or, preferably, a palm-trunk. The ends of the pole rest on the shoulders of two of your team of carriers, and they are relieved every ten or fifteen minutes by two others. Your carriers move off at a sharp, even trot, and cover four or five miles per hour. Experienced machila-men will carry you easily and smoothly; inexperienced men will sometimes jerk you up and down in most unpleasant fashion.

Our road to-day was a broad highway—the natives call it *mseu*, *i.e.* the hoed road—which sloped down easily to the River Shiré. Five hours after starting, we reached the ferry which was to convey us over the river, here very deep and some fifty yards broad. Our loadsmen, however, had been left far behind, for, though we can make as much as five miles per hour by machila, the load-carrier never covers more than three, and, when the *Mzungu* (white man) is not at hand to urge him onwards, falls to two and a half or even two miles. So, after covering thirty-three miles to-day, we discover this evening that we have far out-distanced our loads, and—*horribile dictu*!—also our foodstuffs. By dint of great exertions, and after opening, to no purpose, several of the cases which chance to have arrived, we manage at length to scrape together a sufficiency of food to allay the pangs of hunger.

CENTRAL AFRICAN ENGLISH

In the meantime our *capitao* (headman) James, who has not yet appeared on the scene, sends us a missive to the following effect:—

“SHILE, *by nighte.*

“DEAR SIR,—I tell you, sir, I am sleep here because other men has left our behaind. If you please I am waiting other men. I try that which men them rrieve to-morrow morining, prehaps I not see you, sir, one day. I have many defcault to-day for that men. Please, sir, I say if you want, you make change for two men which carrear tant. I no mor to say. I have done just now.—Yours obegant,

“W. JAMES.”

This marvellous example of “English as she is writ” by the African brought all our critical instincts into play. We had before us a veritable autograph—that no one doubted; and yet the text required, evidently, considerable amendment before any sense could be extracted out of this remarkable composition. Eventually we reached a provisional conclusion. The worthy James had reached the Shiré River (*r* and *l* being in Chinyanja interchangeable letters); he was writing at night; he was compelled to remain on the banks of the river to wait for stragglers; he would try and leave (*r*rieve=leave) next day; but possibly we might not see him for a day, since he had many difficulties to contend with; he suggested, too, a change in the adjustment of the load of the man carrying the tent, so that two men might divide it; and, after emphasising the fact that

he had now no more to say, begged to remain my obedient W. James. Excellent man! We saw no more of him until two days after we had reached our own mission, when he came bringing up the rear with "the lame, the halt, and the blind" of our retinue. We may smile at his English; but has he not smiled times without number at our attempts to speak his language?

We continued our journey in northerly direction the next day. We had on our left the lofty Kirk Range, which forms the edge of a cool, healthy plateau 5000 feet high. Fortunately for us, the route which we were following in accordance with Mr. Miller's suggestion led us through a district in which water was found at regular intervals, and past several stations of the Z.I.M. and B.I.M. (Baptist Industrial Mission), at each of which we were heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained. Accordingly we found ourselves able to contemplate with equanimity the temporary loss of our goods and provisions, for they had now fallen hopelessly behind. At Chiole, where Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, of the Z.I.M., are doing a great work, we were provided with fresh machilamen, and by strenuous exertion on their part, and strong moral suasion on ours, we succeeded in reaching our first mission-station, Mlanda, late on the night of Saturday 31st May—five weeks to a day after leaving Cape Town. The journey from Blantyre—some 120 miles—had been accomplished in four days, which constituted, we were told, a record march.

MLANDA

This, the most southerly station of our mission, lies at an altitude of 5100 feet above the sea, and is at once the loftiest, healthiest, and bleakest of our European posts. The natives say that the country around used to be covered with good forest, and there are not wanting signs in corroboration of this statement; but at present the surroundings are bare and uninviting. The attractions of this station consist in its bracing climate, and the environing mountains, which raise their massive crowns in all directions. Rev. Attie Hofmeyr is in charge here, with Messrs. R. van Heerden and J. G. Steytler as assistants. A considerable estate has been acquired at Mlanda, and, though scarcity of accessible water will prevent agricultural undertakings on a large scale the lofty situation makes this an ideal cattle-farm.

A school of 190 children is conducted on this station, carpentry is being taught, and during our visit large numbers of natives were employed in making bricks for a substantial school building. I forgot to inquire of Mr. Hofmeyr what his bricks cost him; but Mr. Vlok, at Mkoma, told me that his bricks worked out at 2s. 3d. per 1000 unburnt, and 3s. 3d. per 1000 burnt. The treading of the clay is done by women exclusively, and it is a strange sight to see thirty or forty women of all ages, with and without babies, spending their days in the clay-pit, and moving up and down to the accompaniment of a monotonous song chanted by one of their number.

Mlanda is a station of recent establishment. In

1901 Mr. Hofmeyr was sent to commence a work at Mpondera, three miles to the south of the present station. Shortly after, it was found possible, and was considered advisable, to acquire the Mlanda Hill Estate from a private company. A roomy manse has accordingly been built at the latter place, while the school building has just been completed. The work is only commencing, but will grow. On the plateau Mr. Hofmeyr has five out-schools, which are periodically visited by himself or Mr. Van Heerden. Of his important and extensive work below the plateau, on the Lake Shore, and in the valley of the Livlezi River, I hope to speak in another letter.

CHAPTER III
IN THE FEVER DISTRICTS

There is one thing which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead. Yes; is it at all likely that eight missionaries should start for Central Africa, and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But what I want to say is this: When that news comes, do not be cast down, but send someone else immediately to take the vacant place.—ALEXANDER MACKAY, OF UGANDA. (Farewell Speech before the C.M.S. Committee.)

CHAPTER III

IN THE FEVER DISTRICTS

A FEW days were spent at Mlanda to recuperate our strength, and then Mr. Hofmeyr and I undertook a journey to the valley of the Livlezi and the Lake, for the purpose of visiting his principal out-schools and learning the character of the work done. Mlanda lies on a lofty plateau, 5000 feet high, but Livlezi is situated in a valley not more than 3000 feet above sea-level. Our pathway descended rapidly ; we found that most of the descent had to be accomplished on foot, and as we had made a late start we reached Livlezi after dark. Numbers of native adherents, however, crowding round our machilas, struggling for the honour of carrying us, shouting, chanting, and firing endless "Mornin', sirs," at us, apprised us that we were not far from our destination.

LIVLEZI

This post, called after the river on which it is situated, was originally established by the Free Church of Scotland Mission, but was made over to our mission when they found themselves compelled to evacuate this part of the field. Livlezi has a tragic history,

which the little graveyard hard by recounts with silent eloquence. We see there, among other unnamed mounds, the tombstones which mark the last resting-place of two noble missionary ladies. Mrs. Henry, wife of Dr. Henry of the Free Church of Scotland, and Mrs. Vlok, first wife of our missionary now at Mkoma, lie buried here. In the church at Mvera (our head station) a memorial tablet in the native language describes Mrs. Vlok's brief career in these words—

TO THE MEMORY OF
BESSIE VLOK,
DIED AT LIVLEZI, MARCH 2, 1896.

SHE POURED OUT HER LIFE AS AN OFFERING
TO MAKE KNOWN TO THE ANYANJA THE LOVE
OF CHRIST.

But these graves do not tell the whole sad history of the Livlezi Mission. At this station Dr. Henry not only laid his beloved wife to rest, but himself contracted the fatal fever which shortly after cut him off in the midst of his promising career. He was a man of learning, a physician of skill, and a missionary of true devotion, and could ill be spared. Moreover, our young brother Jacobus du Toit also spent some of his time, and, alas, much of his health, at this station. Feeling that the clutch of the fell fever-fiend was upon him, he fled to the mountains, but even there could not escape, and fell a victim to the dreaded "blackwater" on the 30th July 1897. Truly this is a region of depressing memories!



LIVLEZI STATION
(in 1903)



MPUNZI STATION
(in 1903)

A little Christian community has been gathered from heathendom at this place, but they are less vigorous than they would be could we give them a resident European missionary. Past experiences, however, forbid us to place a permanent staff at Livlezi, and possibly sacrifice more valuable lives. Meanwhile Mr. Hofmeyr descends periodically from his healthy plateau, and pays the little congregation as frequent visits as are consistent with the duty he owes to other portions of his extensive parish.

Khola, June 7, 1903.—This place is situated some distance north of Livlezi, and about twenty miles south of Lake Nyasa. Khola is the largest of Mr. Hofmeyr's out-schools, having no less than 320 children on the roll. The educational work of this valley and of the Lake Shore is important. The whole region is dotted with schools, as the population are on friendly terms with the mission. Mr. Hofmeyr counts thirty-two schools below the plateau, and this figure represents a large amount of care and anxiety. Discontented or unsatisfactory teachers to admonish, a lethargic public to interest in education, tottering school-buildings to repair, requests for new schools to consider,—all these things keep the missionary constantly engaged, and demand repeated wearisome journeys down to the valley and up again to the almost inaccessible heights where alone health is (fairly) secure.

Here at Khola we are spending the Sunday. Mr. Hofmeyr and I occupy a house 13 by 6 feet in size, which he has had erected here at a cost of half a crown. Just outside under a spreading tree our

tent—now serving as bathroom—has been pitched. I am writing at a little folding-table, which, with two chairs and two canvas stretchers, accompanies us everywhere. Forty men form our retinue: twenty-two are machila-carriers, three are cook and table-boys, the remainder are loadsman. At every evening halt our first care is to purchase native food for our men. For though the native is able to go almost all day without a meal, he is able also to eat almost any quantity at even. So soon as we reach our destination, our *capitao* summons the women, who bring small baskets full of meal (made from kafir-corn), and then kneel down in a half circle, their baskets before them. One by one, these baskets, holding two or three pounds each, are emptied into a large receptacle, and then the *capitao* makes the round of the expectant semicircle once more, and deposits in each basket one tablespoonful of coarse salt. That is considered due payment for a basket of meal.

A VISIT TO A NATIVE VILLAGE

Yesterday afternoon we paid a round of visits at a few neighbouring villages. These native towns are distant about half a mile from each other, and generally consist of ten or twelve huts and as many granaries. These last are merely huge baskets 6 or 8 feet high, and 4 or 5 in diameter, built on poles, and elevated about 18 inches above the ground as a protection against the incursion of white ants. The various villages are connected with each other by footpaths, which lead through fields of



A NATIVE VILLAGE
(with granaries for maize)

mealie or kafir-corn. Under the influence of a tropical sun and tropical rains, everything attains a gigantic growth in these regions. You pass through the midst of a field of mealies which are 13 feet high, and which one must cut down with a hatchet to get at the cobs. An acre sown with kafir-corn assumes in a few months' time the appearance of a reed-brake, for each several stalk is 16 feet high. The very grass which is burnt down in August has by the following March attained a height of 14 feet, and, when your path leads you through a patch of this grass, you are literally walled in on either side like the Israelites in the Red Sea, and can see neither wood nor mountain, neither antelope nor elephant nor lion.

In visiting a village our first request is to see the headman. In most cases this personage is greatly honoured by the fact that two great white chiefs are calling upon him. He comes forward briskly, raps out "Mornin', *Mfumu*," and then squats down on his haunches about five yards from us. After a few generalities have been exchanged, the headman gets up and disappears into his enclosure. Presently he reappears, and behind him walks a servant carrying a fowl or perhaps a basket of meal. In a courteous speech he then requests the great *Mfumu* to condescend to accept this small gift from his humble servant. At one village a man approached me with deep obeisance, and, laying down a fowl at my feet, said, "This *nkuku* has come to say 'good-morning' to the great chief." Naturally their motives under all this show of reverence are not always disinterested.

They expect the white man to give them a return present. Sometimes they will even pester him for a gratuity for which no equivalent has been previously offered. Occasionally it happens that a headman is unwilling or afraid to receive the white man. In such cases any fib will serve as an excuse: he is not at home (a conventional lie not unknown in more privileged circles); he is sick; he is on a journey. Not infrequently it occurs that, when it is discovered that the visitor is not a stranger but the missionary, the absent or sick man suddenly appears upon the scene to welcome his old friend with effusive greetings. Not the faintest blush is visible when he is taxed with the untruth. "I thought it was another man" is the all-sufficient explanation.

This country ought to be called *Gogoland*: it simply swarms with insects. We are obliged to sleep under mosquito-curtains every night, as a defence against those bloodthirsty pests; our thatch-roof harbours families of lizards; cockroaches crawl about our floors; rats devour our fruit left overnight by some chance on the floor; and a pestilent little ant called *nyerere* climbs into our provision baskets, until bread, cakes, butter, honey, jam-pots are all swarming with them. Hardened travellers do not take much trouble to remove them, but I have not yet reached that stage of sublime indifference. Outside, the whole country is overrun with all the insect plagues imaginable. Woe to you if you leave anything made of wood or leather lying on the ground at night! The white ants will infallibly discover it, and will leave it in ruins and you in a temper. An insect called the

borer drills holes into your house's beams and rafters and uprights. From time to time the dust made by them descends to warn you that your stout-looking structure is being slowly undermined. One day the crash comes, and your verandah gives way, or, worse still, one of your beams breaks, nearly precipitating the roof on to your defenceless head. There are worms to eat off your young vegetables and to destroy your coffee crop; weavils to spoil your grain; rust to settle on your wheat; beetles to prey on your cabbages; horrible-looking *jaagspinnekoppen* (hunting spiders) to startle you; scorpions of poisonous bite to sting you. Under such circumstances it does not surprise me that the European inhabitants, outside of missionary and official circles, are so few in number.

MALEMBO

Malembo is the most important of our out-stations on the Lake Shore. Let me say here that from the summit of the Kirk Range, which bounds the healthy upland, a magnificent view of Lake Nyasa is under normal conditions obtainable. But during the months when I was in the country a very peculiar haze, due chiefly to the numerous grass and bush fires, lay over the land like a heavy pall, and made distant views impossible. I was not, therefore, fortunate in obtaining a good sight of this magnificent sheet of water, 360 miles long and 18 to 60 miles broad. Connecting as it does with the Shiré and the Zambesi, it forms a highway for commerce into the heart of the Dark

Continent. Steamers ply between Fort Johnston in the south and Langenberg, German East Africa, in the north. The Stevenson Road—a triumph of engineering and enterprise—connects the north end of Lake Nyasa with the south end of Lake Tanganyika.

At Malembo we remained for nearly a week. The head teacher there, Albert Namalambe, is quite the most notable of our native evangelists. He was the first convert of our predecessors, the Scotch brethren, and was in charge of the work when we took over this field from them. Since then he has been in our service, and, spite of many tempting offers to enter the Government employ, has remained faithful to us. He speaks a little English, and I was able to converse with him.

Not far from Malembo there was said to be *nyama zambiri*, i.e. much game; so Mr. Hofmeyr and I decided to see whether anything could be secured to afford us a change of menu from the continual fowl flesh. Our huntsman was a one-eared man called Loti (Lot); but though he led us through many miles of grass and trees, and showed us innumerable “sporen” of game, we saw only a few flitting forms, and shot nothing. So presently we lay down to rest in the shade of these primeval forest trees. To while away the time I took note of the customs of the dusky natives who surrounded us. A bit of native politeness struck me forcibly. We had distributed a little food among our native retainers, and bidden them divide it equally. Before they commenced to eat, however, one of their

number approached us, and asked whether the *mafumu* (chiefs) would not condescend to partake with them. To this we politely replied that we had already dined. So, after grace by a native Christian, they fell to. When they had finished, the whole company rose, and standing in a row begged to thank us for the repast (it was an exceedingly humble one) which we had provided. "Ah!" I said to Mr. Hofmeyr, "these men are under mission influence, and you have taught them such excellent manners." "Not at all," was the reply; "the natives are naturally very courteous, and the reverence they have for their parents and their chiefs is often striking."

Next day we had better luck, and I was fortunate enough to shoot a huge hartebeest bull. It was just about sundown when I secured him, and we had the utmost difficulty to dispose of him. If we left him lying, he would be eaten by lions or hyænas before morning. So the old bull must somehow be stored away for the night. We could only muster four men and our two selves. With great difficulty we conveyed the animal to a neighbouring tree; the head was hoisted on to a branch by dint of mighty exertions, but the rest of the flesh we could not raise, try as we might. So the animal was cut up: the shoulders were bestowed upon the fork of a low tree, three of our men lifted the hindquarters and intestines on to their heads, and the fourth man constructed torches of twisted grass, for it had now become quite dark. And so, with Mr. Hofmeyr and myself on the flanks with rifles ready for lion or

leopard, and our torch-bearer in front, we moved off. That night we spent in our hammocks in a huge tree overhanging a pool of water. Bats and owls made matters lively for us; but the only game we saw was a troop of magnificent zebras; the lions we expected gave us a wide berth. Next morning we found our hartebeest head and shoulders intact, but of the ribs only bones were left.

Our stay at Malembo drew quickly to a close. Albert the teacher was attention and kindness itself. His goats provided us with milk day after day, for we missed the cows of Mlanda while down on the tsetse-ridden Lake Shore; his garden furnished bananas and papaws; and presents of fowls and eggs were of daily occurrence. With game from the hunting-field and fish from the lake, we had no complaint to make as to variety and abundance of table delicacies.

From Friday to Sunday, schools were examined and services held. I shall never forget the experiences of that first native "Lord's Supper" at Malembo. To see ninety-four Christians, trophies rescued from African heathenism, showing forth the Lord's death, the elements being distributed by one man in European clothing (Albert), and another with no covering but a loin-cloth, was a sight to remember and to thank God for. Some shining lights at least have been kindled, and are now burning brightly in the land where hitherto has reigned only the shadow of death.

One thing only made us glad to escape from Malembo, and that was the particularly persistent

and venomous mosquitoes. At night, of course, we made ourselves secure from attack by the defence of mosquito-curtains; but when we sat on our verandah just after sundown to look at the peaceful lake with its background of lofty mountains, and to enjoy the fresh evening breeze, then our unsleeping enemies pursued us with relentless ferocity. They would attack our foreheads, our wrists, our ankles; the sock was no protection, for their sharp proboscis pierced through our thin merino or woollen stocking. The mosquito is indeed our enemy in every sense of the word, for scientific researches have shown that he carries the malarial germ, and implants it in our system while he is busy draining our life-blood. Doctors say that the mosquito-curtain is more indispensable in Central Africa than even that sheet-anchor against fever—quinine. And so, with mingled regret and relief, we took our leave of Albert and our Malembo friends. Skirting the southern shore of the lake, we slept at a populous village called Takataka, and early next morning were climbing the steep ascent of the Kirk Range on our way back to the cool upland.

CHAPTER IV
WORK ON THE HEALTHY UPLANDS

PAUL'S CRY FOR THE HEATHEN

*Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be
kings,—*

*Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented with a show of things ;—*

*Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,—
Oh! to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!*

*Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,
Oh! let my sound be stormy in their ears!
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep, but cannot wait for tears.*

*Quick, in a moment,—infinite forever—
Send an arousal better than I pray;
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavour,
Souls for my hire, and Pentecost to-day!*

FREDERIC MYERS, *St. Paul.*

CHAPTER IV

WORK ON THE HEALTHY UPLANDS

A CLOSED FIELD

TWENTY-FIVE miles or so to the north-west of Mlanda lies the newest of our stations in Central Angoniland, namely Mpunzi, in charge of Rev. A. G. Murray. Along the Portuguese border the country carries a fairly heavy population, and this was accordingly considered a promising field for new operations. A chief named Pemba, whose village is distant seven miles from Mpunzi, was of friendly disposition towards the mission. A school was opened at his *kraal*, and great expectations were entertained that a long-neglected part of our territory would now be satisfactorily worked. But such expectations were soon to be rudely disappointed. One of our teachers was charged with complicity in a crime which had been committed in Pemba's district. A Government inquiry ensued, the teacher was proved innocent, but the civil authorities nevertheless ordered the school to be closed until Pemba and his people had again made public application to have it reopened. This the chief, fearing further complications and another of

the much-dreaded "inquiries," declined to do, and to this day not only his village but all the territory he commands is a closed field to mission operations.

We spent one morning in paying a special visit to this chief. A message had been sent to him that the *mfumu wamkulu* (great chief) of the mission would pay him his respects on a certain day. But on arrival at his village no sign of life met the eye. No men came out to greet us; no women howled a welcome; no curious children crept out to stare at the white men. The silence of death reigned everywhere. We seemed to have discovered the original "Deserted Village." High fences prevented our entering the village proper, but we made our way into the empty school-building, now fast falling into ruins, and were filled with new regrets that a work of such importance and apparent promise should have come to so unfortunate an end. Presently we found a man who was willing to exchange a few words with us.

"Where is the chief?"

"The chief," quoth he, "has gone to Blantyre."

"To Blantyre! Did he, then, receive no notice that the great chief of the missionaries was coming to visit him?"

"I don't know, but I will call the under-chief."

Soon afterwards Pemba's grand vizier emerged, somewhat reluctantly it seemed to me. He corroborated the information we had already received as to the chief's absence. It was plain to us that Pemba would have none of the mission, and that to escape our unwelcome attentions he had undertaken a



CHIEF PEMBA AND HIS WIFE



DONKEYS CROSSING A RIVER

journey—to Blantyre or elsewhere. And his people, taking their cue from their overlord, had given us the cold-shoulder. As nothing could be effected, we took to the hot road once more, and were borne wearily homeward.

THROUGH THE FOREST

In striking contrast to the reception at Pemba's village was the warm welcome presently to be described, which was given me by the population of Mkoma. Thirty miles, more or less, separate this station from Mpunzi. Mounting Mr. Murray's Muscat donkey, *Vrijstaat* by name, I made an early start under the altogether delightful conditions which prevail immediately before and after sunrise. The air is cool and invigorating, all nature is just awaking, birds begin to flit from tree to tree, antelopes roam the forest and crop sweet herbage in the open glades, a busy stream of the formidable warrior ants flows athwart your path, the gaudiest of butterflies dart across the glints of sunshine, and are lost in the shade of the unending forest. To make the journey the more enjoyable, I was happily travelling without the customary retinue of shouting machila-boys. A man to carry my rifle, and a donkey-boy armed with a stout stick to keep my steed in motion, were the extent of my following. My loads had preceded me. Owing to the silence with which we progressed, I was able to have a few, though unsuccessful, shots at waterbuck on the way. At a turn in the road farther on, I noticed my donkey prick up his ears and glance

to the left. Surmising that he had observed something, I looked carefully through the surrounding brushwood, and saw first a pair of ears, next a pair of formidable tusks, and then two little wicked-looking eyes. I was down from my donkey in an instant, and stretched out my hand for my gun-bearer to hand me my rifle. Down on my knee I dropped, and as the animal had not stirred I gave him a bullet in the brain. He rolled over instantly, and lay kicking the empty air, while I ran up and recognised that I had secured a very fine specimen of the wart-hog. Turning round, I found that my two valiant followers had clambered into the nearest trees for safety. When they saw me standing beside the dead boar, however, courage returned, and they quickly descended. The huge animal was still giving convulsive jerks, and so I decided to give him his quietus with another bullet. As I knelt to do so my donkey-boy was seized with a fresh panic, and was up a tree again like a flash of lightning. For the rest of the morning I was continually dipping into my Chinyanja grammar for words with which to twit these two about their unvalorous conduct.

In the bed of the river, now almost dry, but still containing a supply of pure wholesome water, we halted for breakfast. As I was leaning over a large rock in mid-stream, watching the preparation of my modest meal, I noticed a bit of dry grass on the rock before me, which I did not remember having seen there a moment ago. I fell to wondering, in an absent-minded fashion, how it could have got

there, when it struck me as having a remarkable resemblance to a huge mantis (*Hottentotsgod*). I saw two black spots and what looked like a head, and at once it flashed on me that I had before me a unique case of mimicry. On turning subsequently to Prof. Drummond's *Tropical Africa* (p. 169), I find that just such an instance occurred to him, and that he was as completely deceived as I was. To his graphic chapter on "Mimicry," in the work cited, I refer the reader for further information on this attractive subject.

MKOMA

As we were descending a hill towards a river some six miles from Mkoma, my guide raised his hand and said, "*Antu ambiri*," i.e. "much people," and on the farther side of the stream I saw a throng of natives coming towards us. Presently we heard their shouting, and distinguished three machilas in the crowd. Evidently some white persons were journeying in a contrary direction to ours. The mystery was soon solved: two ladies and a gentleman of the Mkoma staff had come this long distance to meet the Secretary. Their hearty welcome was a foretaste of many more welcomes to follow.

After a brief rest and a taste of the delicious Mkoma oranges, whose fame is in all the mission, we resumed our journey. A seething mass of humanity, reinforced at every village, surged about us, until when we reached the station there must have been fully a thousand natives—old, young, and

middle-aged. Men and boys, women and girls, mothers with babes at their back, and toddlers of six years old, would keep up a five-mile-per-hour trot before us, behind us, and all around us. The noise was deafening, the dust stifling, the confusion indescribable and not a little humorous. At times a lad would stumble and fall, and become in turn a stumbling-block to the half-dozen or so who were treading on his heels, while shouts of laughter would arise from all who witnessed the catastrophe. Again, a couple of dusky maidens would be jogging quietly in front of me, innocent of the fact that my donkey was slowly gaining on them. Then I would make old "Vrijstaat" gently thrust his head against the small of their backs. With a look of terror they would skip out of the way, as though the nose of my inoffensive donkey were a lion's paw. As for my grave steed himself, he was evidently ill at ease with such a circle of yelling boys about him. For the last part of my journey both my donkey-boy and I were relieved of the necessity of plying whip or stick. If "Vrijstaat" lagged but the least bit behind, there were a score of boys ready and eager to prod him into quickened activity again.

As we neared the station the hubbub increased to a veritable pandemonium. Boys would dart unexpectedly at my donkey's head, fire a "Mornin', sah!" at me, and dart off again. Venerable grey-beards lined the road, raised dignified hands in the air, and shouted "Mornin', *mfumu!*" A squad of ancient dames, whose clothing was of the scantiest and whose physiognomy was of the drollest, bore

down upon me, nearly throwing my charger on his haunches, and, after firing off a *feu-de-joie* of "Mornins," began executing a curious and most amusing dance for my edification. Thus, borne along in state by an exultant populace, we at length drew up before the lofty manse of Mkoma. Mr. Vlok had assembled some hundreds of children from several out-schools, and each teacher was intent on welcoming the visitor with his own special hymn. Unfortunately in one or two instances the hymns were sung simultaneously, and the result, though it may have rejoiced the ears of the noise-loving native, was to us Europeans inharmonious to a degree.

A worthy elder of the native church, Simeon by name, delivered a speech of welcome on behalf of the Mkoma Christians. He spoke with evident feeling and undoubted eloquence, but my imperfect knowledge of the language was only equal to the task of interpreting two words: *ti-kondwera* (we rejoice). That, I think, was after all the warp and woof of his address, and I was able to adjust my reply accordingly.

The permanent buildings on Mkoma station consist of a substantial manse, a commodious and comfortable ladies' home, a school-building (which also serves as church), and a store. Plans for a new church and a teacher's house have already been approved by the Executive, and will be carried out during the coming dry season. Mr. Vlok has in the meantime made the necessary preparations by manufacturing many thousands of bricks.

LIONS AND LEOPARDS

Mkoma enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the most lion-infested and leopard-haunted station in the mission. A week before my arrival a lion broke into the cattle-pen and killed a couple of cows. Next day some of the party who had accompanied me shouldered their rifles, and went after the depredator. They found no sign of him, but were fortunate enough to come across a herd of elephants which had wandered from their usual habitat, and were engaged in destroying native gardens quite close to Mkoma. As a shot at an elephant costs £25, no one ventured to lift a gun at them, though in the case of the younger members of the party considerable restraint had to be exercised.

On the third morning after my arrival a message reached us to the effect that a huge man-eating lion had killed a woman at a neighbouring village early that morning. She was sister to the headman, and Mr. Vlok and I decided to run over to the scene of the accident, which was only about three miles off. We found that the corpse of the unfortunate woman had been recovered, with the head completely eaten off, but the rest of the body was uninjured. It was early in the morning, with dawn just faintly commencing—so the headman told us—when the *chinyama* (great beast, king of beasts) entered the village. He quietly went up to a hut, inserted his powerful claws into the poles which form the native doorway, and tried to wrench it open. The inmates were awake in an instant, and raised a mighty shout

of *Mkango! mkango!* (the lion). Soon the whole populace was up, all shouting together to drive off the unwelcome visitor. Baulked of his attempt to enter the hut undiscovered, the lion sprang round, and came suddenly upon his hapless victim, who was just leaving her hut to join the throng of noise-makers. She gave one startled ejaculation, and the next moment the lion had seized her by the throat and bounded off with her into the jungle. Death must have been instantaneous. The shouting villagers pursued the lion, and came upon him gnawing at his prey. On their disturbing him, he seized the corpse and made off again. So the pursuit was continued for the better part of the morning, until at length the savage beast was compelled to relinquish his booty after having devoured the head.

We looked into the hut of the deceased, where the corpse was reverently laid out on a mat, with a piece of clean cloth over it. The possessions of the dead woman lay strewn over the ground. Her pots and earthenware were broken—fit symbol that their work was at an end; her beads were scattered in all directions—they would no longer be needed to decorate their mistress; what provisions she possessed—mealies, meal, kafir-corn—had been emptied on to the floor and before the door of the dwelling. Everything spoke eloquently of the desolation which had overtaken that home. Henceforth no one would venture to enter the deserted hut, or even to touch it. There it would stand, to fall gradually into ruins or to be eventually destroyed by fire.

In anticipation of the man-eater's return, we spent

the next night at the village to see whether we could not destroy this dangerous animal. Mr. Vlok suggested a plan which seemed safe and feasible, and was undoubtedly ingenious. A temporary stockade was to be built, into which we would introduce a couple of head of cattle and two donkeys (whose flesh lions prefer to the flesh of any other animal). The peculiarity of the stockade would be its shape—resembling an equilateral triangle, but with the base prolonged for some yards in each direction. On this lengthened base-line we would take up our positions, and, while ourselves enclosed by high palisading, we should be able to cover with our rifles the whole length of the two remaining sides. Accordingly, when King Leo came to seize the bait we had so temptingly prepared, we should be able to “give him lead” from whatever point he chose to direct his attack.

But, alas for “the best laid plans of men and mice,” two important facts militated against the success of our scheme. First, we had left the construction of the stockade to the villagers, and they had evinced so little interest in our project that when we reached the scene at sundown only one wall of the structure had been completed. So the stockade was hastily turned into an ordinary *kraal*, by the simple expedient of cutting down branches from the mimosa trees which stood around in large numbers. We were now unable to cover the sides of the *kraal* with our rifles, which desideratum belonged to the essence of our original scheme. Secondly, our plan was frustrated most effectively by the (very inconsiderate) failure of the

lion to put in an appearance. We spent a disturbed night. Two feet from where we lay stood the donkeys, who at unexpected moments would suddenly give vent to their dissatisfaction with their surroundings in a bray which made our hair stand on end. Six feet away we had tethered a kid, as additional bait to our friend the lion, and the poor kid continued all through the night to bleat most piteously for its dam. The length of those night-watches seemed endless; but at length the rosy east heralded the approach of dawn. Mr. Vlok stretched his long limbs and roused his men, and in a few minutes we were off to Mkoma and a cup of hot coffee. Shortly after our arrival we had tidings that the beast we had waited for had turned his attention to another village a mile distant from where we lay, and had carried off another victim.

Leopards also are plentiful in the vicinity of Mkoma. One night one of these gigantic cats was found on the stoep of the manse, and their visits to the fowl-yard are unpleasantly frequent. During the last night of my stay a leopard was prowling about again, but he found only a cat belonging to the ladies at the home, which he promptly killed and left behind as a memento of his visit. Mr. Vlok has caught several leopards in a trap of his own contrivance, and during my visit he was building a similar one for lions; but I have not heard that he has captured any of the larger beasts yet.

CHAPTER V
THE HEART OF THE MISSION

¶ But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery World. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is a work for God.—
THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER V

THE HEART OF THE MISSION

A GATHERING OF CHIEFS

JUNE 26, 1903.—My time here at Mkoma has been fully occupied. One morning we ascended the Mkoma Mountain, from the summit of which I took several observations by prismatic compass. On two other occasions we went out in different directions to visit some of the out-schools which are worked from Mkoma. Another morning was given to the reception of a large number of native chiefs, and, as the occasion was one of some importance, the gathering merits a fuller description. Mr. Vlok had made it known far and wide that all chiefs and headmen in his vicinity would be heartily welcomed if they came to the station on Friday 26th June to see the Great Mission Chief. Accordingly, on the appointed day neighbouring chiefs and headmen, with their attendant followers, began assembling on the station grounds, until by noon we had over 170 *akuru* (great men) under three paramount chiefs. It was found that no less than 15,000 inhabitants were represented by their overlords at this gathering.

Naturally Mr. Vlok had not forgotten his duties as

host. For a day or two previous large cauldrons of *nsima* (native porridge) had been busily boiling; a cow of ancient days had been slaughtered and roasted; and all things were now ready. Meanwhile a shelter of reeds and grass had been erected on the greensward, and the ladies and ourselves there enthroned in hammock-chairs. The chiefs now approached with their gifts to the guest of the day, and at the end of the ceremony I found myself the happy possessor of five goats and eighteen fowls. Presently I was called upon to address the assemblage, and the opportunity was utilised to explain the objects of the mission, and to impress on them their duties as headmen towards their people and towards their superiors. This address had of course to be translated sentence by sentence into the native tongue, and, after Mr. Vlok had done so, he summoned one of his elders to repeat in still simpler terms the lessons which it was sought to inculcate. The chiefs present were now invited to reply, but a kind of suspicious caution is deeply ingrained in the native character, and all that they would venture to say was: "We have seen the Great Chief; his words have gone into our ears; it is well!"

The next scene—to them the most important, to us the most interesting—was introduced by the entrance of attendants with steaming viands. Everything was carried in baskets of native workmanship. First came the baskets of *nsima*, each containing 10 or 15 lbs. Then was produced the great treat (in a native's estimation) of meat, and meat in abundance. Before every six or eight of our guests was placed a



MKOMA STATION AND MOUNTAIN



APPROACH TO MVERA STATION

basket of *nsima* and a basket of beef. But yet no one stretched out a finger to touch the tempting morsels before him. Native etiquette must be strictly maintained, and one rule of etiquette had not yet been observed,—the native, like the Pharisee of old, will not eat with unwashed hands. Bowls of water are therefore brought forward, and carried from guest to guest, until each several guest has dipped his fingers and waved them in the air to dry. Now, after a brief Christian grace, the signal to “fall to” could be given, and the hungry company needed no second bidding. In an astonishingly short space of time not a vestige of meat was to be seen ; but the supply of porridge had been so great that even the voracity of this considerable number was not sufficient to consume it all. Soon the gathering dispersed, and the chiefs returned home, undoubtedly weightier, and it is to be hoped also wiser, men.

MVERA

The journey from Mkoma to our head station, Mvera, a distance of twenty-eight or thirty miles, is accomplished in about eight hours by machila. Half-way between the two stations runs the Dilongwe River, its bed lying deep down between lofty ridges. The descent into the Dilongwe, where the noon rest is taken, and the subsequent ascent on the other side, form one of the most trying bits of road which the traveller in our mission-field has to negotiate.

A hearty welcome awaited me at Mvera. Numbers

of the men met me several miles from the station, each couple eager to bear the machila for as long a distance as possible. The way the hammock-pole was tossed from shoulder to shoulder, as one set of bearers was supplanted by another, was enough to make even a stout heart quail for fear lest the pole should miss its mark, and one's-self be precipitated with heavy thud to the ground. On arrival at Mvera a dense crowd of people surged round the manse, and the customary words of welcome and thanks were interchanged.

Mvera is situated on a spur of the hill known as Kaso. This spur projects like a promontory into a troubled sea of hillocks and ridges. No lofty mountain rises in the vicinity, as in the case of the stately backgrounds which give their charm to her younger sisters. None the less has the head station its own peculiar attraction in the quiet beauty of its ravines and dells, capped with scores of tiny villages, each resting peacefully in the shelter of a clump of magnificent forest trees. The view from Mvera is unrivalled in the mission. Twenty-seven miles to the west lies the mighty lake, its waters sparkling in the hot and eager sunshine, or smiling tenderly when kissed by the silent moonbeams. Beyond the lake stretches a range of purple mountains, like mighty sentinels set to watch those waters which look so docile, and yet when storm-beaten are so fierce as to burst their bonds. On the lake surface can be descried the steamboats lying at anchor in Domira Bay, or puffing their way on the 350-mile cruise to the north. During the dry season the view across



THE CHURCH AT MVERA



THE MANSE AT MVERA

the lake is unfortunately obscured by a dense black haze, due partly to atmospheric conditions and partly to the smoke of the grass fires which prevail during the winter months.

A LOOK ROUND

The permanent buildings at Mvera are arranged, roughly speaking, in the form of an oblong notice-board attached to a pole. The sides of the oblong are formed by the three main dwelling-houses fronting north; the two school-buildings, facing east and west respectively, and the church, on the south side of the oblong. The pole is represented by the store, the rest-house, and the hospital. In a semicircle round the north and east of the station hill runs the gully, in which are situated the gardens and cornfields. The European staff at Mvera now numbers ten.

Let us take a look around and observe the varied activities of the station. At grey dawn every morning the church bell rings, and shortly after, just as the sun reveals his red crown above the horizon, all the natives on the station precincts gather in the larger school-building. It is the hour for morning prayers. A hymn is sung, a short portion of Scripture read and expounded, and prayer offered. Then the schoolroom doors are flung open and a dusky throng streams forth. By way of parenthesis let me here remark that a curious scene at the school doors during matins never failed to arrest my attention. It was the diversified display of weapons offensive and defensive, and of implements useful and ornamental,

arranged against the wall around the doorway. It was as though a collection of all possible native curios was being exhibited. The explanation of this show of sticks, spears, hoes, and axes was not far to seek. In the building were gathered men and women ready for a day's work, whatever it might chance to be,—a long *ulendo* (journey) to Blantyre, a machila journey to Kongwe or Mkoma, hoeing in the garden, sawing in the pit, planing in the shop, or felling trees in the wood. Men and women had armed themselves for their duties, and had reverentially left their implements without while entering the building for worship. No thought of their being stolen ever enters anyone's mind; the native is honest to a degree.

WORK EDUCATIONAL

We may now follow any one of the groups which wend their way from the schoolhouse. A class of men in training for evangelists is being instructed in geography, and you catch the names of "Atlantic Ocean" and "Pacific Ocean" drifting about in a sea of (to you) unintelligible Chinyanja. Or the class is being initiated into the mysteries of the higher mathematics—to wit, multiplication and division! With many a sigh the puzzled students reflect, perchance: "Why does the teacher weary our brains and confuse our minds with such large numbers? Why cannot we still continue to count on our ten fingers and ten toes? Has the *Mzungu* so many cattle that he needs to count in such long numbers?" But these youths and men are the brightest and most

ambitious of the natives we are training. Imagine the patience required to instruct old women who spend two quarters at a single board containing the letters of the alphabet, and then are promoted to the next board, not because they have mastered board one, but through sheer desperation on the part of the teacher. A case is on record where a woman spent three quarters at her letters, and yet could not be got to recognise or remember a single one.

"But, *mai* (mother), can you see that black mark at all?"

"Not very well," was the *mai's* answer.

"What do you see?"

"I see a board with a few black smudges on it."

"What do they look like?" pursued the eager teacher.

"They look just all alike," said the trembling old woman; "I see no difference between the one and the other."

The teacher had solved the problem of the seemingly impenetrable ignorance. The woman's eyesight was such that she could not have learnt the letters had she studied till doomsday.

WORK AGRICULTURAL

Let us follow the farmer, Mr. West (Van der Westhuijsen). He leads the way first of all to his dam, which has been built across the gully afore mentioned. This dam fulfils a peculiar function. It is not a reservoir to store water, but an embankment

to divert water from its natural channel, in order that the narrow valley through which it flows may be utilised for wheat lands and vegetable gardens. These gardens are evidently a great success at Mvera, and Mr. West showed me with pardonable pride his potato-beds, his peas and beans, his cabbages and cauliflowers, his lettuce and onions. On the other hand, the wheat harvest was utterly ruined by rust, and the coffee crop had proved a failure also. Mr. West's opinion is that little success can be expected to attend the growing of cereals and coffee in Nyasaland. The heavy summer rains, the terrible rust, the thousand and one insects which prey on roots and stems and leaves, make the chances of a fortunate harvest exceedingly small.

For cattle-raising, however, our mission farmer has great hopes. And certainly his own herd of cattle are a picture of health and beauty. The native cattle have a peculiarly high hump, and do not yield much milk; but at Mvera the breed has been greatly improved by the introduction of Alderneys from South Africa.

WORK INDUSTRIAL

Mr. West has more difficulty in obtaining men to work in his garden than he has in finding hands for his workshop. Whether it be that the native has an inbred contempt for the work which customarily falls to the women, or whether he conceives that the *Mzungu* can teach him nothing in matters agricultural, the fact remains that he is infinitely more eager to handle the saw and the plane than he is to toil at the

spade and the rake. And a pleasure it is to visit the carpenters' shops (one of which is to be found at each station), and to see how intelligently and skilfully the native workman treats his wood. Doors and windows, chairs and tables, bookcases and wardrobes, Gothic arches and church pulpits, have been manufactured at our mission workshops. All the woodwork of the fine churches at Mvera and Kongwe was locally prepared by native workmen under European supervision.

MEDICAL WORK

For many years the mission lacked a duly qualified medical practitioner. The early pioneers were men who, at most, had spent a year in picking up crumbs of medical knowledge in London or Edinburgh. Now, however, this serious defect has been remedied, and the mission has a skilful medico in the person of Dr. Wm. A. Murray (M.B., Ch.B. Edin.). During 1902 a hospital was erected at Mvera, and a nurse has been appointed and will shortly proceed to the field. The hospital has room for twenty-five or thirty patients, though there were not quite half that number during my visit. The chief cases treated are sufferers from pneumonia, which is very prevalent during the winter months, from ulcers (exceedingly common), and from dropsy. Occasionally smallpox breaks out in their crowded and not over-clean villages, and succeeds in decimating the population to an alarming degree.

Dr. Murray relates how he was visited once by a native doctor, desirous no doubt of exchanging views

with a brother in the profession, albeit a white one. He explained to the doctor that he knew of a certain remedy for that dread disease which carries off almost all Europeans who die in Nyasaland—the blackwater fever. Dr. Murray was naturally eager to learn what herbs were employed, and promised a substantial reward if the suggested remedy proved efficacious. But presently the native herb-man desired to pry into his white brother's secrets. He would fain make nearer acquaintance with the *Mzungu's mankwala* (medicine). So Dr. Murray presented him with a bottle of strong ammonia and bade him smell it. The unsuspecting medicine-man drew a vigorous whiff, and nearly fell on his back with astonishment at the result, while tears of surprise and consternation stood in his eyes. Still he would not allow himself to be deterred from further researches into the witchcraft of the white wizard. So he stoutly declared himself ready, nay anxious, to lay hold of two handles attached to thin wires, which the *Mzungu* handled so bravely. So the man of herbs seized the handles while the man of science turned on the electric current. The contortions of the native doctor were the more amusing by reason of his evident desire to suppress them, and to prove to the white *sing'anga* that his witchcraft was a negligible quantity. The native's change of views was complete. The *Mzungu* was much the greater wizard! "But, *mfumu*," he said, "they will never believe me at home if I tell of all the wonders of your medicine-house. Here, however, is my servant: just give him a taste of those wonderful wires, and then they must

believe. In the mouth of two witnesses shall every word be established."

A MEAL IN NATIVE FASHION

July 1, 1903.—Yesterday we opened a school at the village of a chief named Siasia, and, when the ceremony was over, the chief asked us to honour him by partaking of a meal which his wife had prepared in our honour. Mr. Murray, always ready to have a laugh at my expense, accepted for us both. We entered the hut by the usual low door. In the midst of the hut burnt a cheerful fire—less cheerful, however, to me, as I found the sun quite warm enough, and no additional heat necessary. Chimney there was none, nor other outlet for the smoke but the diminutive doorway by which we had effected our entrance. We sat down upon a mat, and presently our smarting eyes grew somewhat accustomed to smoke and semi-darkness. Opposite to us sat the host, his face wreathed in smiles. Before us stood a basket with *nsima* (millet porridge) and a saucepan containing two roasted doves. A jar of water was then presented in formal fashion, and we washed our hands and gravely waved them in the air. Then we attacked our viands. You dig your fingers into the mess of pottage before you, roll a small quantity between your palms until it has attained the size of a ping-pong ball and the consistency of a dough-nut, and toss it down your throat. You then tackle the dove, tear off the tastiest morsels, dip them into the sauce, and drop them into your mouth. Meanwhile

a few pecking chickens and hungry dogs have entered through the hospitably open door, and are ready to remove your scraps as expeditiously as possible, there being neither table nor plate nor basket to receive the fragments. At the end of that memorable meal I was far more urgently in need of a basin of water than I had been at its commencement. In fact I think I required a wash-up as much as when (so runs the legend) my *ayah* once regaled me, a boy of two, on a dish of pumpkin, which I devoured not with mouth and fingers only, but with eyes and nose and cheeks and clothes as well.

CHAPTER VI

DAILY LIFE AND TRAVEL IN THE FIELD

Francis Xavier, exchanging the inheritance of wealth and the pursuits of philosophy for the vows of poverty and exile, if he may but lift the cross to nations unapproachable before . . . ; Oberlin, quitting the society of equals and the presence of every refined sympathy, to spend his substance and his life in planting the Christian culture among the neglected mountaineers of Vosges ; Clarkson, smitten to the heart by the spectacle of an unendurable iniquity, and living only for its abatement ; Elisabeth Fry, firm in the assurance that prison walls and iron bars are no hindrance to the Holy Spirit,—these, with all the noble host of heaven's missionaries and martyrs, kindle in us a passionate homage, and fill us with a new respect for our nature, and a new hope for the world . . .

What is it that so subdues us in these souls of large adventure, and makes us gather round them as the very saviours of our faith, compelling us to feel that, were their names not there, the record of mankind would be a dreary thing, and the course of time would have no music in its flow? Surely it is no sense of selfish benefit, no grateful thought of what they may have gained for us. We measure them, not by their success, but by their worth ; and had their striving been in vain we should have loved them still, only with a sadness instead of a glory in the heart.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER VI

DAILY LIFE AND TRAVEL IN THE FIELD

KONGWE

THIS most northerly of our stations in South Angoniland lies some eighteen miles north-west of Mvera, and is united with the latter by a good highway (*mseu*). Kongwe is situated at the confluence of several well-watered valleys rich in alluvial soil, and is therefore an ideal place for agricultural pursuits. Of water there is no lack. A stream of water, powerful enough to turn the good-sized mill-wheel erected here by Mr. Blake, has been diverted from the neighbouring river, and serves to irrigate many acres of garden ground. As many acres again could be brought under cultivation, were there but a market at hand for the products of the soil. Because of the number of converging streams Kongwe is in winter a very cold station (the name *Kongwe* signifies "cold"), and during the winter season the natives of these parts suffer considerably from pneumonia.

The station staff, at the head of which stand Mr. Liebenberg and his Canadian wife, consists of six Europeans all told. At no station of the

mission did I find such numbers of natives attending the local schools. On the day of my formal inspection there were present at the various schools 225 children, 229 men, 220 women—making a total of 674 under the daily influence of the Gospel. The attendances during my visit were, no doubt, considerably augmented by the contingent of men and women who were brick-making for the proposed new manse.

FRESH PLAGUES

Kongwe enjoys the unenviable reputation of having more of the ancient plagues of Egypt than any of our other posts. This was brought to my notice in the following manner. As I was introduced to my bedroom the laughing remark was made: "Be careful of this room; it is haunted" (*dit spook hier*). Having, happily, neither very excitable nerves nor an in any wise brilliant imagination, I gave no further thought to this warning. At dead of night, however, I was wakened by noises which seemed to come both from above and from below, and which roused to the extreme of wakefulness even one so naturally impervious to outside disturbance as I am. I listened with straining ears; I struck a light; I felt a creature or creatures scamper over my coverlet, and I saw forms glide along the wall. Then I remembered that I had been told how rat-infested the roof of the old dwelling was. So my nocturnal visitors were rats! But though I had scared them away there seemed to be a peculiar noise emanating from beneath, and I was compelled to make careful examination of the

floor with my candle. My inspection revealed an extraordinary scene. Under the matting thousands upon thousands of white ants were busily engaged in mining their way through the earthen floor of the apartment in search of prey in the shape of wood, leather, cloth, or paper. I hastily put down the matting I had gingerly lifted, and crept into bed once more, trusting devoutly that none of the ugly-looking creatures would crawl up the bed-post and fasten its powerful mandibles in my flesh. Next morning there was not an ant to be seen, though the earth-mould which covered the floor bore witness to their ravages, but when night came on again they were as active and industrious as ever.

The termite, or white ant, is in general about three-quarters of an inch long, and, strange to say, is blind. Whether as cause or effect of this blindness, it is singularly afraid of the light, and never does its work during the daytime unless it can labour under ground. When anything above ground has to be attacked and demolished, the white ant builds a little tunnel of earth in the desired direction, and carries on its destructive labours through this improvised shelter only. Suppose that the intelligence department of this little community brings word of a rich store of mealie-cobs in some native granary, the working men of the white ants will at once begin to run their tunnel along the wall of that granary until they have discovered some concealed entrance. Through this entrance they will, if undisturbed, carry on their depredations until not a grain of the precious hoard is left. To prevent this the native invariably

erects his *nkokwe*, or granary, on stout poles, so that the floor of the granary is about 15 inches from the ground. Across this 15 inches the termite must perforce build his tunnel, in order to carry on his operations unobserved. But the watchful native sees the slender structure running along the wooden support of his *nkokwe*, he surmises an intended raid on the part of his diminutive foes, and with one stroke of his stick brushes away a night's work.

A BURROWING INSECT

Another insect that has attained to considerable notoriety in this vicinity is the *matekenya*, or burrowing flea. This tiny creature is an importation from South America—as if Africa were not sufficiently supplied with plagues of its own! It is but half the size of the common flea (*pulex irritans*), and inserts its almost invisible body under the nails of toes or hands, the former by preference. There it lays a little egg, which is presently enclosed in a sac, and causes great irritation. At length the sac bursts open, and a brood of young *matekenya* emerges, each of which promptly repeats the process which its progenitor commenced. By this time the unfortunate victim is suffering considerable pain and inconvenience. The point of attack is now a festering sore, which has to be lanced and continually cleansed with strong carbolic oil. In the natives, who are often negligent in attending to such sores, the ulceration may spread until the toe is eaten away. At Mkoma during my

stay a young lad of seven or eight was brought to Mr. Vlok for treatment. He, or rather his parents, had allowed the *matekenya* to burrow into the flesh unchecked for so long that when we saw him not a toe was left on either foot, and the poor lad was in danger of losing both feet also. Europeans also suffer from the attacks of the *matekenya*, though not to the same extent as natives. So soon as irritation is felt in foot or hand, a keen-eyed native is summoned, who, armed with a needle, soon succeeds in painlessly extracting the little pest.

MORE TORMENTS

Even more to be dreaded than the *matekenya* is the horrible *futsi*, a fly that lays its egg in your garments as they hang to dry after washing. Un-suspectingly you clothe yourself in the welcome clean flannel, and the invisible egg is transferred to your body. After a day or two you are aware of a small gathering, which soon increases to a tumour. When you suppose the tumour to be ripe for opening, you squeeze it gently, and a plump worm wriggles out. This pest is not at all uncommon among our European workers, and the misfortune is that *futsi* never seem to come singly. The arrival of one is generally the signal for a series, and I was told of a case where eleven of these dreadful creatures were successively removed from one unfortunate. Even the babies who have come to our mission mothers have not been exempt from this infliction.

Another insect which arouses disgust even in the

hardened native is the *kufi*, a kind of large bug. During the daytime the *kufi* conceals itself in cracks in the walls and in interstices in the roofs of the houses which it haunts. At night it descends to attack its prey, and both natives and Europeans fear its awful bite, which frequently brings on feverishness. When killed the *kufi* emits an overpowering stench, and a dwelling infested with *kufis* is only fit for the flames. Such are some of the troubles which overtake the dwellers in Central Africa, and frequently make life burdensome. Spite of all, our brothers and sisters labour on courageously, and meet these grievances as they should be met — with smiling face.

A ROUGH COUNTRY

Under Mr. Liebenberg's guidance, I made a three days' journey to the north of Kongwe, visiting several of his out-schools, and traversing a district which we hope will soon be a separate sphere of work, with its own European overseer. The territory through which we travelled was in great part still covered with virgin forest, but between the trees we often caught glimpses of half-hidden villages, which told of an increasing, though concealed, population. Within a few years, no doubt, the present well-wooded tracts will have been wholly deforested, so addicted is the native to wholesale and ruthless destruction of good timber. Our reception at every village at which a school had been established was most cordial. Chiefs and headmen for several miles around would gather to greet the white men, and



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH
(Mvera, 1903)



THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL
(Mvera, 1903)



every attempt on our part to raise a smile met with prompt and hilarious recognition.

We were mounted on donkeys during our journey through these parts, but the deep glens and steep hills we had to pass made it necessary to descend from the saddle with unpleasant frequency. As we toiled on foot up some steep hillside, Mr. Liebenberg would expatiate on the urgent necessity of constituting this district a separate field of work. Presently it dawned on me that my guide, being exceedingly wise in his generation, had brought me to the wildest part of his parish in order to work on my compassion, by giving me personal experience of the toil required to visit this section of the field. At length I said: "Well, brother, for your own sake, but especially for the sake of your donkey, who has to carry a weight of 200 lbs., I think we might establish another station to the north of Kongwe." A site for the new centre of operations has already been selected near Nchisi Mountain.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES BY DONKEY

A fortnight after my visit to Kongwe I was able to undertake another journey, lasting ten days, to the south-west, accompanied on this occasion by Mr. W. H. Murray. We set out with a following of thirty men, four donkeys, and one machila (for emergencies). Our journey lay first through broken hilly country, which tired both men and beasts; but after the second day we found ourselves in the bush country—level, covered with tall grass, and in parts

with forests, and peopled with many lions. At least the inhabitants of every village we passed through assured us with protestations most earnest, that the lions were there the previous night or two nights ago, that they captured a man last week, or broke into a cattle-fold the week before. As for us, we never so much as caught a sight of or heard a growl from the king of beasts.

A word about our donkeys. They are worth money in Central Africa. At first our missionaries possessed only a few of the ordinary grey donkeys, whose uncomfortable trot is exhausting. Of late, however, they have been importing the white Muscat donkey, which carries you over the ground at an easy amble, and at the rate of five miles per hour. Sitting on a donkey puts a little more strain on the traveller than lying in a machila, but there are many compensating advantages. You can do with a smaller retinue of servants, for one thing, and have a far better view of the country, for another. So old "Vrijstaat" was again commandeered to carry me southwards and westwards, and right well did he acquit himself. He was not quite firm on his legs at all times, and once at least he missed his footing and sent me flying over his head. But what of that? A donkey's back is so near the ground that, except for loss of dignity and perhaps of temper, you can take no hurt.

A DAY'S MARCH

Our daily programme, when on a journey like this, is somewhat as follows. At 5 a.m. Mr. Murray lights

the candle in our tent, blows his whistle shrilly, and calls to the men to be up and doing. While they light a fire and prepare a cup of grateful coffee we dress and have our devotions. We then partake of a hasty biscuit with our coffee, while the tent is taken down and packed. The men meanwhile are engaged in strapping up their loads. Some carry the tents, others the food and utensils, yet others the beds, and others the calico and salt which form our ready money. Then there are the carriers of our personal effects, and we two white men have each a gun-bearer at the head of our steed and a donkey-boy at his tail. Coffee over, we sing a hymn, and Mr. Murray offers a prayer in Chinyanja. Then we mount and are off. The sun is just peeping over the farthest hills, the air is fresh and invigorating, our donkeys trot along briskly, and our men chatter in lively fashion. This goes on, with halts at infrequent intervals at some village of more than common importance, until 10 or 11 o'clock. By that time the men's tongues have ceased to wag, and the donkeys have fallen into a brown study, for which the only remedy is repeated applications of *sjambok stroop*. If we then reach a suitable village our *baas* orders a halt; donkeys are off-saddled and turned off to graze, loads are deposited, a kettle soon sings dreamily over a blazing fire, and what we call breakfast is prepared. Meanwhile we sit down under the shade of a friendly tree, and presently the headman of the village comes to "*patsa mornin*," i.e. to give us good-day. Then our *baas* enters into conversation with him about the state of the weather,

the failure or otherwise of his crops, the last visit of the lions, and so forth. After a few jokes have been cracked (and Mr. Murray excels at this feat), the headman abruptly takes his departure, and returns bringing a hen of feeble proportions or a cock of ancient days, which through an attendant he presents to the white chief. The gift is accepted, and a return is made of a couple of yards of calico and a handful of salt. Breakfast is now announced, our table has been neatly spread, and our chairs put up, and we sit down to partake of a hearty meal—always surrounded by an admiring throng, to whom the excitement and pleasure of “seeing the white man eat” is greater than that afforded our children at home by a menagerie show.

At about 2 o'clock we are in the saddle again, and push on until 5. Occasionally a halt is called at a stockaded village or a purling stream. Every group of huts we come to is dignified with the name of village, and the inhabitants are at all times kind enough to supply us with a guide who will show us the *njira* (footpath) to the next village. Our proximity to the next collection of huts is announced by the sudden commotion which our approach causes. Dogs begin to bark, women *ululate* (that is the only word to express the extraordinary action), children scamper off in mortal terror of the white ghosts, and men rush up to seize the machila-pole and bear it swiftly onward as a token of regard. Our solitary machila, however, instead of concealing the expected *donna* (lady), was filled with rugs and bags only, and the disappointed men turned to us again, and would

perhaps have shouldered us, donkey and all, but for fear of the beast with the long ears and the formidable teeth. At 5 we reach our camping - place. Tents are pitched, sometimes in the open, to the terror of our retainers, who dream of being carried off by a lion; sometimes in a village, in which case our men slumber soundly; but we often awake to find rats at a game of hide-and-seek among our belongings, or voraciously devouring our little store of victuals. On this journey during the last days of July the nights were frequently so cold that we required all the covering we had to keep us warm, and often had I cause to pity our followers, who unbind their six feet of loin-cloth, and with nothing but that over their bodies and a blazing fire at their feet, have to face the sharp cold which prevails at nights on these lofty uplands.



CHAPTER VII
"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

*O, the generations old
Over whom no church-bell tolled ;
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies—
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.*

*Still Thy love, O Christ, arisen,
Yearns to reach all souls in prison ;
Down beneath the shame and loss
Sinks the plummet of Thy cross ;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHAPTER VII

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

A JOURNEY TO THE WEST

UPON the journey to the south-west followed a fortnight of comparative quiet at Mvera, that I might gather strength for a long overland journey home, and lay in a vocabulary of the native language sufficient to carry me through some weeks of travel. For it had been decided that I should not return by the way I had come, but should journey westwards to the Luangwa River, and then southwards to the Zambesi, with Salisbury as ultimate goal. As no one seemed ever to have followed this route, I could obtain no information as to distances, and could only by map measurement compute the distance to be between 500 and 600 miles. For this expedition considerable preparations had to be made. The resources of the Mvera manse were subjected to no little strain, and to the kindly foresight of the lady of the house I owe in great measure the success of a journey on which I suffered neither a day's hunger nor a day's illness.

The stars were still shining brightly on the morning of the 17th of August, when, not without heaviness of

heart, I took my departure from Mvera. A run of 4½ hours by machila brought me to Kongwe at 9.30. From here Mr. Liebenberg was to accompany me for some three or four days on my forward journey. Faithful old "Vrijstaat," the donkey, was also ready to carry me for the first hundred miles of my way. We visited three of Mr. Liebenberg's out-schools during the first day's march, and at 6 p.m. reached our camping-place, after a wearying day in which we had covered forty miles. The misfortunes which dog the footsteps of the African traveller had not failed to follow on our heels, and I summed them up in my diary as follows:—*Misfortune the first*: one of the carriers found that the load assigned to him had brought on headache, whereupon he threw it down and promptly decamped. *Misfortune the second*: another carrier had suddenly grown ill—his load, strange to say, was also full weight—and had withdrawn to his own village to be nursed, leaving his bale of calico on the road. *Misfortune the third*: another of our men had been bitten by a snake, and came to us with swelling limb and lengthening face, begging for *mankwala*. *Misfortune the fourth*: a terrier which had been presented to me by Mr. Chas. Murray to guard my tent at night had taken a wrong turning and been lost. *Misfortune the fifth*: owing to the long 40-mile march, our baggage all turned up late, and we had to arrange our effects in the dark—an especially difficult task at the first encampment.

Per contra I could place the presence of Mr. Liebenberg. His vigorous directions soon reduced

the confusion of our camp to something like order, his skilful planning enabled us so to rearrange our loads that we were able next day to dispense with the services of the sick man and the runaways, and altogether his genial manner and hearty laugh infused new life into us again. Daylight put a better complexion on our circumstances. The places of the absentees had been supplied; the missing terrier had turned up; the snake-bitten man, dosed with brandy overnight, seemed better; and our spirits accordingly rose several degrees higher than they were the night before.

THE CHIEF SANTE

By 2 p.m. next day we had reached the Bua River, on which is situated Mr. Liebenberg's farthest out-school, at the village of a chief called Sante. The history of the establishment of the mission at this place is a very interesting one. On one of his peregrinations Mr. Liebenberg had visited this chief and exhibited his magic lantern. The chief was intensely interested in the marvellous pictures shown, and the moving narratives which accompanied them. He was informed that all those stories were contained in the book which Mr. Liebenberg held in his hand—the Bible.

"And can the *msungu* teach me to count the letters (*i.e.* to read)?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the answer; "we have scores of schools, at which hundreds of your countrymen are learning their letters."

"Well," said Sante, "I should like to learn also; come and start a school at my village."

The missionary needed no second bidding. A teacher of ability and devotion was despatched to Sante's, a school was opened, and the chief himself was the first to be entered on the roll. In six months' time he was able to read his New Testament. During my visit this influential chief—a man of forty—was still at school, and I found him able to read the Word of God with precision and fluency. But this is not all. The moral transformation which Sante has undergone seems to have kept pace with his intellectual advance. Since the establishment of the mission in his midst he has voluntarily forgone his beer-drinking, and even forbidden the brewing of that liquor in his village. Moreover, he leads his people in worship, and offers public prayer on their behalf. In every sense he is proving himself to be the "father of his people." One barrier still prevents Sante from entering the baptism class,—like all native chiefs, he is a polygamist. To outsiders it might seem an easy thing for a man to put away his superfluous wives, but a native, with native habits of thought bred into his very bones, views the matter differently. To put away his wives is to a native chief like stripping himself of his dignity, and casting away his crown of lordship. His wives confer upon him a sort of prestige; the greater their number, the more powerful chieftain he. The security of his rule is to a great extent dependent on the size of his harem, and to reduce the number of his consorts to one would be in the eyes of his people very like an act of abdication.

A FRIENDLY PEOPLE

As the chief was a great friend of the *amisione* (missionaries), the people could not be other than well disposed. But there were other reasons why Mr. Liebenberg's arrival should be greeted with the liveliest marks of satisfaction. His unerring rifle always secured abundance of game, and in Central Africa it is truer than elsewhere that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And so, when after a brief service in Chinyanja we took our departure, there were expressions of sincere regret, and the expressed hope that we would soon come again. The headmen who were present were then marshalled before us in a semicircle to bid us farewell. When all were ready Teacher David gave the signal for the volley of "farewells" which was to be let loose on us. "*Tiyeni*," said he (fire away!). But somehow the guns hung fire. The men looked each other angrily in the face, and a heated discussion ensued. The burning question was, what form their greetings were to assume. A strong party was for the time-honoured "Mornin', *Mafumu*!" An influential minority represented that the correct expression was "*Pitani okoma*!" (fare ye well!). Teacher David was the judge of appeal, and he decided in favour of the latter form of greeting. Thus the differences were peacefully adjusted, the men lined up once more, Teacher David gave the word "*Tiyeni pamodzi*" (now then, all together!), and "*Pitani okoma*" fell on us like a broadside from a man-of-war.

THE BUA RIVER—A HUNTER'S PARADISE

The Bua River has a great reputation in Central Africa for the variety and abundance of the game which frequent its banks. The vicinity of Sante's is the haunt of large numbers of reedbuck, the flesh of which is delicious eating. As we moved slowly southward from Sante's towards Mzama's, where the road to Fort Jameson crosses the Bua, we were continually astonished at the large herds of antelope which we came across. In one single day I was successful in shooting no less than five kinds—reedbuck, puku, waterbuck, hartebeest, and *chusimbe* (oribi). It was, however, Mr. Liebenberg's special ambition that I should secure a roan antelope. And so word was passed to our faithful huntsmen that we wanted *chilembwe*. At about 4 p.m. we saw, at two miles' distance, five animals leave the wood, and, grazing, make their way to the water. Binoculars were requisitioned, and at length Mr. Liebenberg pronounced definitely: "Roan!" "*Chilembwe!*" repeated our native hunters in chorus. But how to get at them? The river is here just a broad meadow, one mile across, midway in which runs the river-bed, now only a series of *zeekoegaten*, with grass and bog between. We were on the one side of this meadow, our quarry on the other. Rapidly we made our way across the plain, our donkeys pressed to their utmost speed. On arrival at the river-bed we dismounted, bidding our followers continue to move across the plain towards the farther wood, in order to keep the attention of the herd of

roan fixed on them. Meanwhile we would stalk the game under cover of the river-banks. No sooner said than done. Liebenberg and I set off at a smart double, our respective gun-bearers treading on our heels. And what a stalking! As the river-banks were barely three feet high, we had to bend almost double, and soon my back was like to crack; the grass under foot had been newly burned, and, as our noses were about nine inches above the ground only, the black sooty dust which arose as we rushed on filled nostrils and eyes and ears, until we looked like a couple of professional "sweeps," and had to stuff our handkerchiefs down our throats to stop from coughing. On we sped, plunging into miry bogs, crawling along when the banks were specially shallow, while the distressing ashes crept up our sleeves and down our necks, but never slackening speed except to make cautious observation of the position and attitude of the herd. At length we judged that we had got as near as was consistent with safety—any closer approach would infallibly startle our quarry. We lay down panting, coughing (with violent restraint), trying to rub the ashes from our eyes, and then with infinite circumspection we insinuated the muzzles of our rifles over the low ridge before us, and, lifting our heads slowly, had our game full in view. There they stood—five magnificent roan, looking straight at us! They had got scent of our presence, but fatal curiosity kept them rooted to the spot. A whispered consultation between us—was it two hundred or three hundred yards? We decided on three hundred. I raised my

sight, took aim and fired. No result! I fired again: the herd stood steady as a rock. "Try two hundred," whispered my companion. I did so, with no better success. Then Liebenberg could no longer curb his impatience, and he fired twice, thrice, but the old ram merely tossed his horns contemptuously and pirouetted once in a circle. We were ready to throw up our rifles in disgust. As a matter of fact the light was bad, and the antelopes stood out so clearly against the western sky that we could not guess whether we were shooting high or low. Presently, however, the thud of my companion's bullet was heard, and one of the herd sank on his knees. At this the rest made off. We followed them for some distance, but could not get within range again, and they were soon lost in the shelter of the wood. That night not only did our own men feast well, but many a half-starved villager tasted again the dainties he had eaten in the long ago.

A LONG ROAD

From Mzama's, where I parted from Mr. Liebenberg, my way led through an inhabited region and some distant mountains, which form the boundary between B.C.A. (Protectorate of British Central Africa) and B.S.A. (North-East Rhodesia, British South Africa Co.). The country is level, and a perfectly straight road had been cut through the forest for miles and miles. The journey was utterly monotonous,—to right and left the unending forest, shutting out every possible view; before us the dim

mountains, which formed our objective; above us a section of the blue vault of heaven. Towards evening the endless succession of trees was broken by a few open glades, and we breathed more freely. Then a cold wind arose, and we were heartily glad to reach our resting-place at Chiwali's. Here for the first time I had the management of my men in my own hands, and I made the attempt of conducting evening worship in their own tongue, succeeding but indifferently well, I am afraid. Next morning early our road began to mount, and we soon stood on the highest ridge of those mountains which yesterday seemed so distant, looking "before and after." We then made our descent into the valley of the Upper Bua, which winds round this range in southerly direction before turning eastwards and northwards towards Nyasa (the lake). Presently we were moving briskly over a good road and through a populous and fertile district, and at 9.15 that morning we reached Magwero (*the sources*, namely, of the Bua).

MAGWERO

was established in 1899 by Messrs. J. M. Hofmeyr and P. J. Smit, missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Church of the then Orange Free State. Unfortunately neither of these gentlemen was in the field during my visit, Mr. Smit being away on furlough, and Mr. Hofmeyr having been invalided out of the country, as his health had been shattered by three attacks of blackwater fever. Mr. B. Frijlinck and his wife were temporarily in charge, and Mr. Van Eeden (lately

a prisoner of war in the Bermudas) was director of the agricultural and building operations. The soil of this station is good, the water is abundant and perennial, and above all, at Fort Jameson, the capital of North-East Rhodesia, which lies but ten miles away, there is the best market for agricultural products in all Central Africa. I was not surprised to find that Mr. Van Eeden was supplying most of the Fort Jameson folk with vegetables and fruit. The church and the manse at Magwero are well-built, solid erections, which reflect great credit on the pioneers who put them up. At present another church is being built at

FORT JAMESON

where large numbers of natives (thousands it is said) are daily employed in the construction of public offices. A missionary will soon be necessary for this important charge, which cannot be worked satisfactorily from Magwero. There are some twenty European families gathered at Fort Jameson, and they are wholly without spiritual oversight. A new residency of handsome appearance has been recently built, and the Administrator, Mr. Codrington, whom unfortunately I failed to meet, is not only an able and popular official, but also of kindly disposition towards our mission. Besides the usual staff of civil servants, there are here a judge to administer the laws and a doctor to supervise the health of the little community. The country in the vicinity of Fort Jameson is heavily populated. The Chief Mpezeni,



THE CHURCH AT MAGWERO



MADZIMOYO STATION IN 1903
(three weeks after establishment)



whose people were
slave-dealers at the
that Sun had been
1820: one of the
his overlord and
"trekked" to the
Zumbo and moved
finding a better
of Lake Tanganyika
the original mission
the ruling class
arose and the
moved westward
worked for the
another slave
country and
itself in
where the
station
near the
Droog
advancing
aspect

1. The first
2. The second
3. The third
4. The fourth
5. The fifth
6. The sixth
7. The seventh
8. The eighth
9. The ninth
10. The tenth



whose people settled in these parts, was a notorious slave-dealer, and has for us this special distinction that Zulu blood flowed in his veins. About the year 1825 one of Chaka's chiefs severed his allegiance to his overlord, and with followers, wives and families, "trekked" to the north. He crossed the Zambesi at Zumbo, and moved gradually up the River Luangwa, finding a home eventually in the Fipa country, south of Lake Tanganyika. Here the Zulu tribe brought the original inhabitants into subjection, and became the ruling caste. Internal dissensions subsequently arose, and the tribe was broken up. One section moved westwards, and occupied the regions now worked by the mission of the United Free Church; another moved southwards and settled in the tract of country lying around Fort Jameson; a third established itself in Central Angoniland under the Chief Chiwere, whose *kraal* lay a few miles south of our present station of Mvera. These old Angoni still hold their heads very high, and consider that their Zulu "blue blood" confers on them a dignity to which the aboriginal natives—their former slaves—dare not aspire.

MADZIMOYO

is the other station of the Free State Mission. When I reached it, on the 28th August, it was just three weeks old. The name of the site is really *Madzi-muavi*, i.e. water of poison; but we re-christened it *Madzi-moyo*, i.e. water of life. Messrs. Charles M. Hofmeyr and Van Schalkwijk are stationed here, and their commencement has been most auspicious and

encouraging. The inhabitants of the outlying villages evinced the liveliest interest in the establishment of the station, and lent a willing hand in the erection of the temporary buildings (for a consideration, naturally). The Sabbath services were uniformly well attended, and the attention was excellent, spite of the fact that neither of the gentlemen mentioned had more than a bowing acquaintance with the language. Since then news has arrived that the station schools are making good progress, and that two out-schools have been opened to the north-west along the Lutembwe River. Everything augurs well for the success of the work which centres in Madzimoyo, and goes to prove the wisdom of extension to the westwards of Magwero and Fort Jameson.

CHAPTER VIII
TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN

*Immer, immer nach West! Dort muss die Küste sich
zeigen:
Traue dem leitenden Gott.—SCHILLER.*

CHAPTER VIII

TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN

“WESTWARD HO!”

MY journey towards the unknown west had been interrupted by my visits to Magwero and Madzimoyo, and by the difficulty we encountered of securing carriers for the long march through a shopless land to Salisbury. Finally, on the 28th August I was able to muster my men: the most vigorous were selected as machila-bearers; to the tender mercies of the rest the loads were committed; a few final differences were satisfactorily adjusted, and we were off. My following numbered forty-one all told: four were my personal attendants, of whom more anon; twelve carried my machila; the rest shouldered my goods, while one of their number acted as their *capitao*. Lest the reader should think this an immense retinue for a single person, let me remind him that for so long a journey as we were about to undertake the loads had to be of the lightest, and they averaged, I suppose, about forty pounds. The four first mentioned and the last carried no loads. They served me on the whole so faithfully that I shall here give them honourable mention. Nathanael

was the bearer of my gun and water-bottle; Bataniko, most obedient of servants, was my table-boy; Matteu acted as my cook, and gave me much cause to thank the Mvera friend who lent me so skilful a professor of the culinary art; Bandawe, the ever-cheerful, was my valet, whose duty it was to see my tent erected, spread my bed, and pack and unpack my trunks. The generalissimo of my carriers was Kunawani, tall and dignified, who like the four already mentioned bore no load, his dignity being in his estimation load enough.

Nor may I forget how the tedium of the journey was greatly lightened by two humble friends who formed part of our caravan. They were Liwiro the dog, and Jacko the monkey—the former a gift of Mr. Liebenberg's, the latter a present from Miss Hofmeyr at Kongwe. The peculiarity about these two was that they were steed and rider, and closest of friends besides. Wherever the dog went, the monkey was sure to follow. Jacko had come to the Kongwe station as a baby, and had never been tied up. With all the dogs he was on excellent terms, but he attached himself especially to Liwiro, and had learnt to mount his back, and undertake long outings and even considerable journeys on dog-back. When this curious pair was presented to me, I became, naturally, very anxious to bring them safely down south. How it fared with them I shall afterwards recount.

A word as to the purpose of this journey to the west. All maps mark the Luangwa River, the most considerable tributary which the Zambesi receives, and the Muchinga Mountains, which enclose the

Luangwa Valley on the west. With a view to future expansion, we considered a visit to the Luangwa and the Muchinga highlands beyond a most desirable undertaking, while the march southward would also establish by actual experiment the feasibility or otherwise of the overland route to Salisbury. The former object was only partially attained: as will be related further on, I was not able to reach the Muchinga highlands. As regards the trail to Salisbury *via* Feira, I can only state that I found it a difficult and anxious journey, and that the cost was nothing less, and if anything somewhat more, than the cost of the sea and river route.

AN UNKNOWN ROUTE

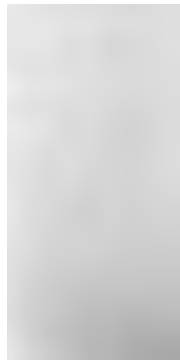
From Madzimoyo we took our departure on Monday 31st August, Messrs. Hofmeyr and Van Schalkwijk accompanying me for some distance. At the Lutembwe River, which we reached at an early hour, a halt was called for the day, our men averring that the next stage was too great to be covered before nightfall. Here let me say that with infinite difficulty I had obtained two itineraries of the route I proposed to travel, from two men who professed to know the country; but these two itineraries were so hopelessly contradictory that reconciliation was impossible. In consequence of my ignorance of the distances, I had frequently to surrender at discretion to the strong representations which my retainers made as to the proximity or remoteness of the next water. When they said

"*Patari nditu*" (very far), and accentuated it with their characteristic rising inflection of voice, I laid down my arms without another word, muttering resignedly, "Well, I suppose I shall have to camp here." Parenthetically I remark that the native's methods of indicating time and distance are primitive in the extreme. Ask any villager how far it is to the next important village, and he will reply by pointing to the eastern horizon and saying, "If you leave here when the sun rises, you will reach the place you speak of so" (pointing directly overhead), "or so" (pointing to where the sun will be at about four o'clock). The natives have only five well-marked hours of the day. They speak of: (1) "When the sun goes out," *i.e.* leaves his chamber, which signifies sunrise; (2) "when the sun begins to climb," about 9 a.m.; (3) "when the sun is on the back of the sky," noon, the zenith being considered the back of the sky; (4) "when the sun begins to fall," about 3 p.m.; (5) "when the sun enters" (*i.e.* into his bedchamber, see Psalm xix. 5), equivalent to "at sunset."

To return to ourselves on the Lutembwe banks: our men affirmed solemnly that the next spot at which water was procurable was too far for us to expect to reach that day, and that we must needs postpone our departure from Lutembwe till next day. You soon learn, however, to meet check with counter-check. "Very well, then," I replied, "seeing that our next stage is to be a hot and trying one, we shall start, not to-morrow morning, but to-night, and cover the long distance by the light of the gentle moon instead of under a broiling sun." To this they



NATIVE VILLAGE AND KACHERI TREE



seemed inclined to demur, but the proposal was in itself so reasonable, and the attitude of the *mzungu* so determined, that they consented with the best grace possible.

An hour and three-quarters after midnight I shook hands for the last time with my two friends, mounted my machila, and was borne swiftly into the dark night. The road was good, the light sufficient, and my carriers fresh, and so we made brave progress. At about five I dismounted to relieve my stiffened limbs by a brisk walk, and two hours later we reached some indifferent water collected in a few muddy holes.

A FAMINE-STRICKEN COUNTRY

Scarcity of water was not, however, our chief difficulty. We soon discovered that it was the total absence of food that would cause us most anxiety. From Magwero Mr. Frijlinck had thought it necessary to send a special messenger after me with the urgent advice to take a good supply of *ufa* (native meal) for my men. This advice I had endeavoured to carry out, and for that purpose had engaged additional men at Lutembwe, so that we now totalled forty-five, myself included. The farther we penetrated westwards, the more serious became our plight. Villages were few and far between, and those we touched at contained only a fraction of their real population. The majority had moved away southward in search of the means of existence. Food was unprocurable: every headman of whom we inquired showed his empty palms despairingly, then

laid his hands upon his shrunken stomach and said in dismal voice, "*Ti-rini njala*" (we are with hunger).

At Msoro's, which we reached on the morning of Wednesday 2nd September, the first mutterings of discontent became vocal. My men gathered around me and enumerated their grievances, which always ended with "*njala!*" I explained, first in my own limited Chinyanja, and then through the local *capitao*—a Blantyre man named Michael, who spoke English—that we had a long journey before us, and that I was therefore husbanding our scanty resources; that they themselves were witnesses that I had tramped many miles through the bush, while they rested, in a vain attempt to find game; finally, that I proposed distributing a sufficiency of *ufa* at Mrasa's next day. The last argument appealed to them most forcibly, and they agreed to move onwards early next morning. The wearing anxiety of a march upon which the spectre of famine stalked across our path continually soon began to tell on me, and marred my enjoyment of what should be, under normal conditions, a delightful experience. My men were all unknown and untried; I was able to understand them imperfectly at the best; they might throw down their loads and desert me at any moment. Moreover, I argued with myself that instead of matters improving they might grow more serious, and we perhaps find ourselves in a position from which neither retreat nor advance was possible. I might fall ill, or some mischance befall my rifle, and without meat how should we be able to sustain life?

PHYSICKING THE MEN

To augment my burden of anxiety about the future, the burden of the daily care for my men fell on my shoulders also. A man is ill; the *msungu* must physic him. Now, my knowledge of drugs is fragmentary, and in my selection of the requisite medicine I was guided by a principle which I can recommend for its simplicity—(for natives, be it added; I would not venture to apply it to Europeans). The *modus operandi* is as follows: You summon the victim into your presence, run your eye over him professionally, and inquire into his symptoms. Putting on his most woebegone air, he points to his head and says *mutu*, to his chest (*chifuwa*), or to his stomach (*mimba*). You tell him to put out his tongue, and he projects one of alarming length. And now the diagnosis is complete. Turning to the *bokis la mankwala*, or medicine-chest, you take out bottle after bottle, hold it up to the light, shake it, smell it—all as though possessed of more than the wisdom of the College of Physicians. And now for the prescription. The rule of selection is simply this: Take the bitterest and most unpalatable drug. My favourites were powdered quinine, ipecac, jalap. Nothing impresses the on-looking natives more than to see a patient swallow a dose and then pull an awful face. The uglier the medicine can make him look, the more potent a drug it is. And the patient himself is supremely contemptuous towards tasteless medicine: “*Huh!*” he says, “its spirit is gone!” I found that the natives stood my experimenting

very well. They are too toughly constituted to take any hurt, and the few grains of medicine I administered did them no physical harm, while they probably assisted Nature to reassert herself by stimulating the patient to expect recovery. For in medicine, as in theology, faith is the great desideratum.

PETTY WORRIES

Occasional indisposition on the part of the men was to be expected, but the illness of one or two brought with it a train of new harassments. It meant a readjustment of the loads, so that the sick men might drag themselves along without burden. And great was the difficulty I experienced in my attempt to distribute the additional loads without causing friction. The one man was heavily overburdened already, in proof of which assertion he would lift his load as though it were an 81-ton gun, stagger a few paces, and then sink down to the ground, as though he were an Atlas crushed by the weight of a too-heavy world. The next man to whom I appealed to compassionate his sick brother would strike his forehead violently, and assure me that his *mutu* (head) was like to split, that it was positive torture to place his own load upon it, and that it would be nothing short of murder to burden him with his brother's load also. Meanwhile the other men had edged discreetly away from the spot where I stood cajoling, threatening, and commanding by turns, and the wiser spirits were already stepping briskly out upon the road, which as a rule they were

loath to take. In desperation I summoned Kunawani. "Here," I said, "you arrange these loads; it's your work, and I am not going to worry myself any further." So my stalwart *capitao* took the matter in hand. Presently I heard high voices and saw Kunawani—flashing eyes, distended nostrils—be-cudgelling the recalcitrants with sharp words. He seemed to have succeeded in adjusting the burdens even worse than I had, and I found myself compelled reluctantly to intervene once more. Selecting the most inoffensive-looking man of my whole crew,—"You," said I, "take up that load." Meekly he obeyed, and the storm was over. Jim was the name he answered to, and in my mind I placed a good mark against that name for invaluable assistance at a critical moment.

The native is nothing but an overgrown child at best, and, when travelling with the omniscient and all-wise white man, he refers every trivial dispute to the latter. The cook may have forgotten to pack one of his saucepans into its own proper basket, and the basket-carrier who spies the strange utensil swelling the weight of his load rushes to the white man with angry protestations. The cook defends himself heatedly. Baskets must be untied again, and the rightful carrier of the errant saucepan, displeased at having to undo and open his pack, makes the teapot-storm rage the more fiercely. You pour what oil you can spare from your own wounded spirit on to the troubled waters, and calm is restored. Next day Bandawe, the "valet," forgets to pack in the lantern, and stands lantern in hand trying to re-

collect where it travelled yesterday. Finding a load whose master has turned his back for a moment, he tries to insert the lantern surreptitiously. But the owner of the load suddenly returns, and Bandawe is caught *flagrante delicto*. Violent recriminations follow, and the case is referred to the supreme authority (whose patience, *nota bene*, must needs be inexhaustible). Judgment is given against Bandawe, and he must perforce, Diogenes-like, carry the lantern himself.

OVER ROUGH ROADS

The road beyond Mrasa's to the Lusingazi River was rough and uneven, and I was compelled to walk most of the way. We had to cross the ridge of a stony mountain, from whose summit we had a good view of the surrounding country. A flat tableland stretches southward as far as eye can reach, and in the hazy distance a range of low hills suggests that the Portuguese frontier cannot be far distant. Northwards our view was more restricted, but the country shows hilly and broken, and is drained by the Lupande, Lusingazi, and Mzanzara Rivers, which all flow in northward direction to the Luangwa.

From Lusingazi we made a night march to the Sassare mine. The unevenness of the road, which winds in and out through steep and stony hills, again demanded that I should walk, and, as my knowledge of the language was (to my own mind) growing rapidly, I beguiled the dark journey by telling my wondering followers how differently we travelled in the country from which I hailed. The railway they

could understand,—they call it the *steamer la pa mtunda*, which being interpreted is the “steamer on the dry ground.” But it puzzled me to explain the motor-car, and, as for the air-ships of M. Santos Dumont, I decided that it would be too great a strain on their imaginative capacity and on my linguistic ability to attempt to describe them. When we were all too weary to march farther a halt was called, my machila slung between two trees, fires kindled, and a brief doze enjoyed, until daylight stole upon the scene, encouraging us to make another effort to reach water and a wash, and coffee and a meal.

At 8 a.m. (September 5) we reached the Sassare gold-mine. In a steep and narrow gully a shaft has been run into the hillside horizontally, revealing rich gold-bearing quartz. During my brief visit the overseer crushed a handful of the quartz, and by the simple expedient of “panning” secured a few grains of the precious metal, which he allowed me to keep. The North Charterland Exploration Company was developing this deposit, but, as the Company is now in liquidation, the future of the mine is uncertain. That it contains rich gold is beyond doubt, but whether at such a distance from railways and the routes of commerce it can be made to pay is another question. Some twenty-five miles to the west of Sassare lies Petauke, the residence of the Native Commissioner for the surrounding district, whom the natives style Dongorosi. What English name “Dongorosi” was meant to represent was a problem which I could not solve. Eventually I decided that Dongorosi stood for “Douglas,” but

my guess was far from the truth, for at Petauke I learned conclusively that Dongorosi was Thorncroft. Such is the fate that befalls good English names when uttered by native lips.

Beyond Petauke we had to cover another twenty-five miles of the roughest and most wearing road imaginable. A series of hills lay between us and our goal, the Luangwa; the road was covered with loose round pebbles, like a dry river-bed, and was so trying to my bearers that I walked practically the whole distance. At length we reached the foot of the terrace-like range of hills, and saw the broad plain of the Luangwa stretching before us. It was past noon, and the heat may be imagined. The first to show signals of distress was Jacko, who had come down from his too hot perch on the dog's back, and kept trotting at our heels, seeking the shelter of every shrub and tree. At length he fell hopelessly behind, and we had to find a calabash and pour him out a few drops from my jealously guarded water-bottle. At 1.30 p.m. we reached the river, but the loadsman only got in at 7.30, by which time I was well-nigh famished, and the lagging bearer of my lunch-basket accordingly came in for a fusilade of reproaches.

CHAPTER IX
ON THE BANKS OF THE LUANGWA

*The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have
vanished :*

*They live no longer in the faith of reason.
But still the heart doth need a language.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER IX

ON THE BANKS OF THE LUANGWA

A DESERTED POST

THE road we followed led us to the Luangwa River at a place marked on the map as Hargreaves—presumably after a pioneer trader of that name. Hargreaves is pleasantly situated on a bend of the river, with a fine view up-stream (north-eastwards) and down-stream (south-westwards), the latter view including the towering range of the Muchinga. These mountains are about three miles off, and attain an altitude of apparently some 5000 feet, Hargreaves being 1600 feet above sea-level—if my aneroid is in any way reliable. It was my hope to be able to ascend to the tableland behind those mountains, to see what prospects there are for commencing mission work among the inhabitants of that healthy plateau, but *Deo aliter visum*. Owing to the scarcity of food and the illness and discontent rife among my following, I was compelled to relinquish my project. The valley of the Luangwa at Hargreaves is some eight or ten miles broad. Instead of the open plain which I expected to find, the valley is covered with tropical woods and dense under-

growth, while spurs from the mountain-range shoot downwards at intervals in the form of rocky ridges. Game is very abundant, but to discover it you must be led by a sharp-eyed native huntsman. On the morning after our arrival I went out to find meat for the camp, and in a couple of hours' time I had secured three waterbuck and two *inswara* (pallah). Being well stocked with food, we lay over a day at Hargreaves to recover strength after our long pull from Magwero.

Hargreaves was a trading station of the North Charterland Exploration Company, which has now gone into liquidation. The buildings which had been put up—pretty substantial erections they are—are now falling into ruins. In the lofty, spacious dwelling-house, of which I took temporary possession, were found two tables, a cupboard, a chair, and on the broad stoep two hammock-chairs and the remains of a defunct musical-box. For the rest, the place was absolutely deserted, except for a number of brilliantly coloured lizards, who were evidently greatly surprised at my intrusion, and would survey me from every coign of vantage with uplifted, half-cocked heads. The steps leading to the main entrance were adorned with a couple of hippo skulls, and scattered round the building some antelope horns lay bleaching in the sun. On the whole, the aspect of the place left behind a melancholy impression of desolation. The neighbouring village (Chutika's) was as silent as a graveyard: not a living creature was left in it. "*Antu onse adatarwa chifukwa cha njala*" (all the people have fled by

reason of the hunger) was the sad summary of its recent history.

THROUGH THE TRACKLESS FOREST

We had some difficulty in starting from Hargreaves on Thursday 10th September. Three men who had only engaged for the journey to the Luangwa wished to be supplied with the necessary *kalata* (letter) to the missionary at Madzimoyo, to show that they had accomplished the journey and earned the ten yards of calico which was their promised wage. I secured one extra carrier, and so the number of my men was now, and remained to the very end, forty-two. The day which saw us leave Hargreaves was one of the most anxious I spent on the whole journey. The heat was terribly oppressive; my men were all ill, some from fever and the rest from over-eating (the supply of meat had been on too liberal a scale); and, to crown all, we were embarking on a road which none of my caravan had travelled before, and which led through a region deserted by its inhabitants. As was to be expected, we lost our way. Part of my followers wandered along the right bank of the river, some waded along in the very middle of the stream (now nowhere more than two feet deep), the rest marched after me on the left bank, and—as the blind was leading the blind—soon found themselves plunged into a network of sharp thorn-bushes and serpentine lianas, extraction from which was a matter of extreme difficulty, to be effected only at the expense of much ruffling of plumage. That night my camp was a

scene of seething discontent. The complainants were hungry (for unobtainable *u/a*), they were sick, they were weary, they would have it we must take another route, they would proceed, at farthest, no farther than the Zambesi. And as each count of the dread indictment was enunciated, dark eyes flashed, muscular arms were waved excitedly, and raucous voices rose harshly on the night air; while I, miserable cause of all this trouble, was myself too dispirited to attempt a reply. I thought of David's plight after the burning of Ziklag, when "the people spake of stoning him," and felt that I was in as hopeless condition as he was—and as hopeful.

Next day, however, we made better progress. Some sort of a track was discovered which promised to lead somewhither, and this we followed, more by faith than by actual sight. Let me here state that in the Luangwa Valley the only really endurable time of day is from early dawn to about 7.30 a.m. At 8 it becomes very hot, at 9 the heat is terrific, at about 10 there is generally a breeze, which, though not by any means cool, relieves the oppression somewhat. This breeze continues fitfully until 3 p.m. From 3 to 5 is perhaps the most trying period of the day; there is no breath of air stirring, and the sun's rays strike you with the force of heat which issues from an iron furnace. When the orb of day sets at 6 you feel like shaking your fist at him for a merciless tyrant, and rejoicing that for twelve blessed hours at least he is shorn of the authority which he wields so unfeelingly.

FOREST SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

September 12, 1903.—The abundance of animal life and the luxuriance of the vegetable kingdom are a continual source of surprise and delight. I wish I could describe you some of the forest sights and sounds which meet you when the day is still young. Antelopes are continually crossing our path. A day or two ago I lay on the river-bank at noonday, watching a herd of *inswara* antelopes coming down to drink. To them succeeded a colony of baboons—fathers, mothers, lads, lassies, and babies in arms, the latter clinging to their mothers with arms, legs, and prehensile tail. Next we saw two hartebeest and two magnificently striped zebras emerge from the wood and reconnoitre. They evidently suspected danger, for they looked long and intently in the direction of the bushes in which we had concealed ourselves. Then they must have caught a glimpse of us, for with a snort and a whisk of the tail these four strange companions went crashing into the thicket.

As for the birds, they abound in every bush. On the river you see flocks of geese and scores of wild ducks, the silent *reiger* (heron), slender and stately, the imperturbable kingfisher, quietly intent on his aquatic prey; the nimble *strandloopertje* (plover), the long-billed pelican, guinea-fowls and quails by the thousands; turtle-doves and little black-eyed Namaqua doves; eagles and hawks and owls (the latter always found in the particular tree under which I have elected to pitch my tent); butcher birds and “muisvogels” and finches; the ubiquitous sparrow and our

friend the water-wagtail, with a braver show of white on breast and back than his brother in the south can lay claim to. Besides these there are dozens of species which, with my ignorance of natural history, I cannot identify.

TROPICAL VEGETATION

When we come to the trees, I despair of being able to give you any idea at all, for my ignorance of botany is even more colossal than my ignorance of ornithology, and is only to be beaten by my unacquaintance with entomology. The only home friend in this strange country is the never-failing mimosa, which sometimes attains to a magnificent growth. At Chipenji my camp was pitched under two gigantic mimosas, which afforded me most grateful shelter during three of the hottest days of my tour. The most striking tree is the *baobab*—a wonderful growth, all trunk, few branches, not a leaf now to be seen, with big hollow fruits in which the cream-of-tartar seeds lie hidden. Then there is the tree which the natives call *kachere*—sometimes tall, sometimes spreading, and always clothed with freshest green foliage. We passed one some days ago on which I looked with envious admiration. Four or five hundred people might have forgathered comfortably under its kindly shadow. What a tree for open-air meetings! We have also the *bvunguti*, which at this season is sending forth long tendrils, at the ends of which you find a dark scarlet flower of very sweet smell. From this flower develops a fruit



MY CAMP AT CHIPENJI
(under two large Mimosas)



AN UNDISTURBED SIESTA
(Village with the grass enclosure)



with the shape of a cucumber, the size of a small water-melon, and the weight of a cannon-ball. I should not care to have one of these beauties drop upon my head, and have often looked up apprehensively when passing under a *bvunguti*, lest one of these monstrous products should "all-to-break" my skull, like the piece of millstone which the woman of Thebez cast upon Abimelech's head. The *mkuyu* (or wild fig) is a tall tree, which grows a small fig that looks for all the world like a dry almond before the rind has been removed from the shell. This fig, though not exactly sweet, is palatable and nourishing, and both my famishing men and the ever-hungry Jacko rejoiced when we rested, as occasionally we did, under an umbrageous *mkuyu*. I shall not venture to describe the palms (fan-palm and borassus), or the euphorbiads, like a multi-branched candlestick, or the giant lianas that hang like stout ship's-cables from the loftiest trees. Nor shall I tell of the *haak-en-steek doorns*, that tear your garments and lacerate your skin, especially when you are in eager pursuit of game and unmindful of your pathway. Nor do I say anything of the half-dozen other kinds of insidious thorns that impede your progress and don't improve your temper. Grasses and seeds of evil repute are conspicuous by their abundance, vitality, and pertinacity. *Klitsgras* may be disregarded, and *weduwenaars* don't excite much remark. But there is a weed the seed of which gets into your clothes first and into your flesh afterwards, and, unless promptly removed, causes excessive irritation and discomfort. Another kind of burr pierces your hand

when you try to detach it from your garments. There is also a pestilential bean—of glorious scarlet colour—which is more to be dreaded than prickly-pear thorns. The latter only prick and irritate when touched, but the bean I am describing, when inadvertently handled, sets up a terrible itch, as well as irritating you to the point of misery with its infinitesimal thorns.

THE FOOD QUESTION AGAIN

During our march we were constantly passing villages either totally emptied of their inhabitants, or occupied by one or two families only. One day we halted at a place where I found a handful of half-starved natives, who were reduced to roots. "Well, good people," said I, "if I can manage it, you shall sup on something better to-night." They supplied me with a wizened old man as guide, who conducted us across the river and through the forest until we reached a long, open valley. Pointing with his shrivelled bare arm, "*Nyama*," he said, and then sat stolidly down under the nearest tree. My two hunters and I then skirted the edge of the glade, and came presently upon a herd of waterbuck, of which I secured one. So my unknown friends at that unknown village had a good supper that night, with meat for perhaps two or three nights more.

At 5.30 on the Friday evening (September 11) we reached a group of three villages, the most considerable of which is called Chipenyi. On attempting to make an early start next morning, I found my men

in semi-mutinous condition again. They were ill, weary, and above all hungry, and could not or would not go on. They wanted to send some of their number into the west country to forage for *ufa* or mealies. I judged it wise to humour them, distributed twenty-three yards of cloth and a few pounds of salt, and let them depart. Let me say at once that the men returned on the Monday afternoon with a small quantity of mealies, but no *ufa*. They had been very far afield, but had found the whole region absolutely famine-stricken. Meanwhile I went out to the woods with my trusty huntsmen, Kulinanga and Chimwayi, and, after a long tramp and an unsuccessful search, came across a little herd of puku, of which I bagged two.

The three days I spent at Chipenyi, encamped under the shadow of two mighty mimosas, were exceedingly trying. Not only was it excessively hot, but the natives were busy burning grass all round, and, as there was hardly a breath of air stirring, the atmosphere was oppressive with heavy sluggish smoke. On the other hand, the nights were not only cool but positively cold. I took the temperature on the Monday morning when I rose and found it 47° F. By 10 o'clock it had gone up to 90° F. in the shade, and it kept at 93° and 94° in the shade until about 5 p.m., when it slowly, very slowly, came down.

A WATERBUCK HUNT

It is wonderful how soon forty-two men will demolish your store of meat, and so on the Monday

morning I sallied forth again in quest of food. After a little search we sighted a herd of waterbuck grazing in the midst of a valley of tall dry grass. How to get at them was the problem which I set Kulinanga and Chimwayi to solve. For a while we stalked them under cover of the grass, but the nearer animals heard the crackle of the dry grass and made off. We then made a detour through the bush and came upon them again. Nearer and nearer we crept, and at length Chimwayi signed to me to have a try. The grass was, however, too high; I saw little but a pair of horns, fired, and missed. We crept nearer, the antelopes meanwhile eyeing us closely, but rooted to the spot by boundless curiosity. Under shelter of a small mimosa I took aim again and fired. I heard the thud of the bullet, and the animal dashed off at a great speed. After running about two hundred yards the buck stumbled, rose again, then crashed through the brushwood, and was lost to sight behind a cloud of dust. "I've lost him," I said; but my huntsmen thought otherwise. They were right, and we found him presently, lying twenty paces from where we had seen him disappear, and quite dead—shot through the heart. Meanwhile my shots had startled the whole herd, and they were dashing wildly about the meadow. One old buck made directly for the place where the dead one lay, then wheeled round and made off in the contrary direction. At two hundred yards he stopped for a moment in indecision. Just as he was moving off I sent a bullet through his neck, and he dropped like a stone. Then I had two long-distance shots at another of the herd, hitting him the



A MORNING'S BAG
(*Waterbuck and Pallah*)



A FOREST MONARCH
(*Baobab Tree*)



second time, but he got clean away. After getting some of our men to cut up the game we moved slowly homewards. On the homeward way, as we were passing through a patch of high grass, Kulinanga suddenly fell down as though seized by an epileptic fit, and by signs and lip-movements gave me to understand that there was *nyama*. Cautiously I lifted my head, and saw, not more than sixty paces off, a pair of horns above the grass. Aiming at where I thought the shoulder ought to be, I fired. The buck fell instantly. We ran up and found a huge waterbuck with a fine pair of horns. To my astonishment, I observed the mark of a bullet which had just grazed the top of his back. My men reminded me that I had fired at a waterbuck two days before, seeming to miss. In reality I had just inflicted a skin-wound, but this time the buck had actually fallen to my rifle. A few hundred yards farther a small buck sprang out of the jungle, and was lost to sight behind a clump of brushwood. I ran forward expecting to see him emerge on the other side. As he reappeared he stopped for a moment to look at me. That moment was fatal to him, for I drove a bullet through both his shoulders. He proved to be a male bush-buck with beautifully striped and spotted skin. When we got back to camp with the news that four large buck had been secured, my men were overjoyed, and even the villagers licked their lips in anticipation of tasting a few choice morsels.



CHAPTER X
TOWARDS THE ZAMBESI AND ACROSS

The advice sometimes given to the missionary, to leave the people to whom he ministers to their simpler faiths, is beside the mark. These faiths are inevitably going; soon they will be gone; and the question presses: What then? If history proves anything, it proves that a nation without a faith is a doomed nation; that it cannot hold together; that it inevitably decays and dies. From this point of view alone, then, there is a tremendous responsibility laid upon us. The impact of our civilisation is breaking up the fabric, and undermining the foundations, of the ethnic religions. Without religion of some sort, nations must perish. Therefore we must see to it that we give something in the place of what we take away; and that something must be the Christian Faith, or it will be nothing.—E. GRIFFITH-JONES.

CHAPTER X

TOWARDS THE ZAMBESI AND ACROSS

SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.—We passed to-day the River Chiringa, a side stream of the Luangwa. I trust maps will mark it, for it is in every way worthy of distinction. It is evidently fed by some perennial fountain, as it contains a stream of crystal water which distributes vitality and verdure all through the valley. The result is a series of gardens full of magnificent mealies—a sight for sore eyes after all the barrenness we have met. At Chirowa on this stream we halted for the day, and, not without difficulty, purchased a small quantity of green mealies sufficient to supply my men with two or three cobs apiece.

To-day has been a typical day. Rose at 4.30; started at 5.30. Rested for a few minutes at 8, and for a few hours at 10. Then I took breakfast and lunch rolled into one. It consists generally of tea, biltong, bread or scone and jam, and finally a lemon squash. A few of the limes given me by the Mvera folk are still left, and with the addition of water and saccharine my sparklet bottle yields a delightful lemonade. After luncheon I read (though my little stock of books soon ran out), watch the natives, keep Jacko out of mischief, and try to sleep, so far as flies and gnats and ants and beetles

and exploring lizards and chattering natives will permit. When it is three o'clock, though the sun be never so hot, start we must, and start we do. It takes time, however, and exercises patience to get my ponderous caravan under weigh. At about five I begin to look about for a suitable spot at which to make our lair for the night. My men are always anxious to sleep at a village; I am always anxious to sleep anywhere but at a village. So our wishes invariably clash. A village for them means comparative safety from lions and leopards; it means that they can rely on me to purchase firewood and to award a gratuity to the women who draw water for us; it means the chance of a good talk, of a few whiffs of tobacco-smoke, perhaps of a mouthful of "mealie-pap" or millet-porridge. If they are obliged to camp in the open they must forgo these luxuries, gather their own firewood, build their own fires and keep them going all night, and draw their own water. My objections to villages are summed up thus: Dogs whose leanness is as that of Pharaoh's lean cows come sniffing around your tent and dinner-table, mangy pigs wander about, nosing your baskets and overturning your choicest victuals on to the ground. Jacko indeed does valiant service in driving off all intruders, to our great amusement; but as he is engaged in foraging for himself in the huts and among the utensils of the natives, he cannot always play the policeman. To continue my indictment against the average native village, it is the harbourage of lice and bugs in alarming numbers; of ants of incredible voracity; of rats that raid your larder and have no objection to a



A NOON REST ON THE BANKS OF THE LUANGWA



ON THE MARCH AGAIN
in the bed of the Luangwa



nibble at your toes ; as well as of those pests which the native calls *matekenya* and *kufi*. These are in my estimation reason enough for shunning the village, and camping in the bush or on the river-bank.

Arrived at our camping-ground, I throw myself down on the ground to rest, Liwiro (poor weary, foot-sore dog!) curls himself up for a sleep, and Jacko mounts a tree for nuts or berries. Gradually my loads—always sadly in arrear—come into camp. Forty-five minutes or an hour after our arrival the last loadsmen turn up. Now commences a busy scene, in which I am the only motionless figure. Some men collect firewood, some carry water, some cut long grass to make a comfortable night-couch. Others put up the tent, another unpacks and arranges my bed, the cook busies himself with the food, and the "waiter" washes plates and cups and lays the table. Meanwhile darkness has fallen. Just now we make a pretty sight: the men's fires are blazing all around, and just across the stream, say four hundred yards away, one of the men has set alight the dry grass, which produces a brilliant illumination, the red flames reflected in the calm river.

JOURNEYING AT RANDOM

The burning question of the day now is: When shall we reach Feira, the point at which we cross the Zambesi? The answers to this question are so conflicting that it were hopeless to try to reconcile them. One authority said "three days"; and we held up our heads and marched on courageously.

At the next halt the village fathers nodded their grey pates sagely and said, "Four days for the machila, and six for the loads," and we were correspondingly depressed. When natives disagree, how shall we strangers, without knowledge, without itinerary and without map, decide?

Our purchase of mealies at Chirowa resulted in a little scene between my men and myself. At Nyalugwe, a village hard by, we halted, and the men set about roasting their mealie-cobs on the ashes. At three I blew my whistle as the signal for departure, and walked on ahead, as I generally do. But no one followed, not even my gun-carrier. I whistled, I called, I shouted—the thermometer meanwhile going rapidly up! but no man gave heed. All were intent on their mealie-roasting. So I turned back, bubbling over with indignation, came upon them unexpectedly, and discharged a broadside of my most forcible Chinyanja. Marching up to their fires, I kicked the ashes to the four points of the compass—the natives snatching their hot cobs away as nimble as monkeys—and threatened to confiscate every mealie if they did not instantly march. They slunk off to their loads like whipped curs, shouldered them noiselessly, and were off like so many phantoms. As a punishment, I marched on relentlessly until the sun had long dropped behind the Muchingas. Next morning they were exceedingly brisk, and packed their loads with laudable and quite unusual expedition. Before we left our camping-place I considered it my duty to have *mau pang'ono* (a few words) with them, and to impress on them, as I had done repeatedly before, the

necessity for instant and unquestioning obedience. My speech was necessarily a short one, and distinguished more for earnest deliberateness of delivery than for glowing wealth of diction, but I rung the changes on my main theme with persistent iteration. The results were excellent, and our progress that day and for many days after was without a hitch.

DENIZENS OF THE FOREST

During the early morning one day we came across more abundant signs of elephant than I had anywhere seen, even passing some quite fresh *spoor*. Spite of a subtle bribe of one shilling sterling which I offered my huntsmen for a sight of these huge forest-dwellers, they found it impossible to command the presence of the mighty mammal. Though I might not hunt the elephant, I was eager to see him, but my expectations remained unrealised.

Lions were plentiful along our route. As we were pushing along in a dry side channel of the river one morning, my men suddenly dropped me gently to the ground and crouched down apprehensively. Extricating myself from my machila with what speed I could, I grasped the rifle which Nathanael thrust hastily into my hand and stepped out.

"What is it?"

"*Mkango, bwana!*" (Lions, sir).

A lion and lioness had just crossed our path and plunged into the tangled thicket. Cautiously I followed on the *spoor*, which ran for some distance along the dry channel, but no further sign did we see of the

lions. Not long after, we came upon the carcass of a dead lion—how come by his end we could not surmise. His skin was past saving, but his claws were cut off and borne away as trophies. On another occasion, earlier in our journeyings, I had gone out one afternoon to look for something for our empty larder. An intelligent man who answered to the name of Karata ("the letter") was my guide. Peering about at a certain place, he announced that there was *nyama* under a tree which he pointed out to me. I looked through my binoculars, but saw nothing. "Let us creep nearer!" Still I could discern no sign of game, but Karata insisted that the game was there nevertheless. Again I looked, and saw what seemed to me a few wild pigs in the shadow of the tree. I was just taking aim when the animals rose, and to my astonishment proved to be lion and lioness. I fired, but had miscalculated the distance, and the ball raised a cloud of dust just underneath Leo. Away they both dashed in different directions. I sent a bullet as Parthian arrow after the lioness, and then with my two followers moved off in the opposite direction. Lion-stalking by myself, poor shot as I am, and unsupported by a staunch friend with rifle likewise, is little to my taste. Hence my discreet conduct, which the unthinking are like to style invalorous.

WADING THROUGH THE LUANGWA

September 19.—For more than two hours yesterday we were wading in the stream of the Luangwa. The river here runs between steep hills, and the only



STEED AND RIDER
(*Liwiro and Jacko*)



JACKO CROSSING THE LUANGWA
(*machila in front*)

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a column on the left, and the addresses are listed in a column on the right. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, and 789 Oak St.

road (according to the natives) runs along the river-bed. So our march was over the sands, with long stretches of water in between, across which we had to wade knee-deep. I was somewhat concerned as to the probable conduct of my monkey, who has a marked aversion to wetting himself. On previous occasions we had experienced difficulty in getting him across, as he would persist in dismounting from Liwiro's back and remaining behind on the wrong bank of the river. To-day, however, though we had to cross and recross at least twenty times, Jacko never once detained us. He would hop along the sands, but, directly he saw a stretch of water in front, would promptly mount his steed again. Once he caused us great amusement. The river was somewhat deeper than usual, and the collie was compelled to swim. In order to keep dry, Jacko perched himself ever more and more forward on the dog's back, until at length he scrambled on to his head. This was too much even for long-suffering Liwiro, who shook his load off into the water, leaving Jacko to swim the rest of the distance himself. You may imagine the drowned-rat condition in which the latter reached dry land again. To-day there was more wading to be accomplished, but everything was managed without the slightest mishap. It is certainly a remarkable thing that though I was borne in the machila for many hundreds of miles over stony paths and steep mountain roads, across rickety bamboo bridges and through broad streams, my bearers never once dropped me—a fate which not infrequently befalls the man of fourteen stone.

During the latter part of its course, until near its junction with the Zambesi, the Luangwa escapes from the close embrace of the hills, and winds through a broad plain. It appears to split up into quite a delta of streams, and our road, as usual, runs along the stony, sandy bed, making progress both slow and wearying.

NEARING THE ZAMBESI

Our last Sunday before reaching the great river was spent at a place called Yamomba. After due preparation I gave a brief address, as I had done every Sunday past, in the native language. Some of the village women stood at a little distance off, listening to the singing. I wanted to invite them to come nearer, but feared to do so, as on previous occasions my urgent invitation has been followed by their disappearance incontinent. In any case I expect they would have understood very little, as the natives here speak a different dialect to that which we employ. But, though fearful of joining in our worship, the natives are not destitute of religious rites of their own. They have their sacred buildings, over which he who has eyes may see the invisible superscription: TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. In hidden groves they build their diminutive temples, sometimes six or more in a row, where on occasions of national need they offer gifts of flesh, meal, or beer, and call upon their gods.

Villages now occur with greater frequency; they are more populous, and their inhabitants seem fairly well-to-do. At one of them a boy with an ever-



NATIVE TEMPLES
(in a grove of trees)



MY LAST ENCAMPMENT ON THE LUANGWA



smiling face greeted me courteously, and replied to my questions in broken English.

"*Udziwa kunena Inglisi kodi?*" (Can you speak English?) I asked.

"Yessir!" was the reply.

"Where did you learn?"

"Me learn to spik Inglees Salisbury, sir!"

"What's your name?"

"Charlie, sir."

"What did you do in Salisbury?"

"Me cookee for polis, sir!"

The word Salisbury is often the explanation of the apparent prosperity of the people in these parts, of their independence of mien and general "don't care" air towards you, and perhaps of other things besides.

At a place called Chimbamba I made the acquaintance of an old Austrian who has strayed into this corner of the world. As his was the first white face I had seen for many weeks, I was rejoiced to meet him, but candour compels me to state that he presented a unique appearance, and that had I run across him elsewhere our intercourse might have been less cordial. His cap was made of an old piece of blue serge; his shirt was roughly stitched of unbleached calico, open at the chest and innocent of any button; a pair of trousers that had seen better days and a soiled leather belt completed his costume. Shoes and socks he wore none, a huge meerschaum pipe hung dependent from his mouth, and a native hut was his abode. Visitors he receives under the kindly shade of a magnificent spreading

tree, at whose foot flows a stream of crystal water. For this water, which is warm, he claims sanative virtue. At anyrate, it enables him to grow quantities of bananas and papaws. He presented me with some, but made me pay at an exorbitant rate for what I purchased for my men. When he learned that I understood a little German, he let loose on my defenceless head a perfect torrent of Teutonic, in which even my ignorance of that language did not prevent my detecting some very egregious blunders.

THE CROSSING OF THE ZAMBESI

Early on the morning of Wednesday 23rd September we at length reached Feira, at the confluence of the Luangwa and Zambesi Rivers. Feira is situated on the west bank of the Luangwa, just opposite the old Portuguese town of Zumbo, which occupies the east bank. The Native Commissioner here is Mr. Shekelton, to whom I applied for a description of the route to be followed to Salisbury. He advised me to proceed at once, as absolutely no food was obtainable for my men in the surrounding districts. At the store of a Portuguese trader I bought some mealies and millet at a figure which for Central Africa is unheard of, four days' food for my men costing me £3.

I must not forget that my followers only know Feira by the name of the local Commissioner. For them the place is "Sheketani," which is their version of Shekelton; and for all the long weeks of our

journey hitherto I had been hearing of "Sheketani,"—how we should find food at Sheketani, how we should rest long at Sheketani, how they (my men) would be replaced by other carriers at Sheketani, and so be able to return homewards. All these hopes were doomed to disappointment. No food, no rest, no substitutes! The same afternoon we crossed the river. There is a ferry-boat here, owned by the Portuguese trader afore mentioned. In two detachments we were ferried over, and at once set out for the first village mentioned on the itinerary I had obtained. In proportion as my followers' hearts grew heavier, mine grew lighter. I was again in South Africa as distinguished from Central Africa. Cape Town no longer seemed so very far away.

THE LOSS OF JACKO

One morning as we were nearing the Panyami River, we suddenly ran up against a string of nine camels. They were intended to inaugurate a postal service by camel to Fort Jameson, and were being taken north to Feira by a certain Colonel Flint. My men had never seen such animals before, and were filled with consternation. Taking care to have a bush or a tree between themselves and the objects of their dread, they watched me conversing with Colonel Flint, and wondered, no doubt, at my temerity. As we parted from the camel caravan, I sustained a grievous loss, which unhappily I only discovered when it was too late to repair it. A few minutes' walk from the scene of our meeting brought us to abundant and

excellent water in the bed of the Panyami. We accordingly made our noon halt there. During our rest I recollect noticing idly that though my dog lay resting near me the monkey was not to be seen. "No doubt, he is up in the trees gathering berries," I said to myself, and gave no further thought to the matter. But when we made our start at three no Jacko followed in Liwiro's footsteps. So we instituted a thorough search. The monkey was nowhere to be found. We called, we whistled, we made the dog run to and fro, but all to no purpose. It was then that I began to surmise that Jacko had dismounted from the dog's back while I stood talking to Colonel Flint, and in the confusion of departure had followed the wrong caravan. As Colonel Flint and his camels were now many miles off, we could do nothing. I offered substantial rewards to all passing natives who were going in the direction taken by Colonel Flint, but no word ever reached me of what befell my monkey. I grieved sincerely over the loss of my affectionate little friend. He used to mount the back of my chair during meals, and take choice morsels from me; he would sometimes lie by me in my machila when I took my noon rest, and pull my moustache to draw my attention. His antics, his thievish ways, the terror with which he inspired the dogs and the pigs of every village at which we halted,—all these things were an endless source of amusement to us. We were noticeably more depressed after the loss of Jacko.

NEARING CIVILISATION

Of the rest of our southward journey it but remains to say that we escaped from the broad, hot Zambesi plain by ascending what is called "the Escarpment"—a range of lofty mountains that rises sheer from the level valley of the Zambesi. Crossing those steep mountains was a serious task. For twenty-eight miles there was no water, and in the very midst of this long stretch rose the formidable barrier of the Escarpment. Leaving a place called Chinkoro's at 3 p.m., we reached the foot of the range at 10 that night, hungry, thirsty, weary, footsore. My men could not carry me for exhaustion, and I just remember struggling on in the dark, stumbling over invisible roots, knocking up against unexpected tree-trunks, ready to drop with fatigue, but by exercise of dogged will-power compelling my trembling limbs to carry me farther. On and on we stumbled unreasoningly, with set teeth, and mind half paralysed, filled with only one idea—to reach those distant mountains. At length we halted, or rather dropped to the ground; the men summoned sufficient energy to light a feeble fire; and, supperless, coffeeless, and waterless, we sank into a sound slumber, from which we roused ourselves, greatly refreshed, just as the first rose-blush was tinging the eastern horizon. With new vigour we began the ascent. It was a long and stiff pull. At length we reached the summit, and began a steep descent towards the expected water. A water-hole we found; but was that black liquid, water? I refused to touch it; and even my men,

thirst-tortured as they were, turned up their noses and said, "*Oipa nditu*" (very bad). Everyone was for pushing on, thirsty and weary though we were, until we reached better water. We struggled to our feet again, and moved on with the courage of despair. We reached a valley, which looked as though there might be some moisture in it, but found not a drop. In utter discouragement I cast myself down, and sent a couple of men up the gorge and a couple more down. After what seemed an interminable time, we heard shouts from below, "*Madzi, madzi!*" It was but half a mile off, but surely that was the longest, most trying half mile I ever had to cover—the sun burning as an oven-fire overhead, visible currents of hot air around, torturing thirst within. When at length I could fling myself down under a tree and quaff the delicious water my boy handed me, it was as though I were suddenly transplanted into Elysian fields.

The day after our thirst experiences we reached Sipolilo's, where there is a store kept by a Mr. Wood, with a police camp in the vicinity. A two-days' hard march from Sipolilo's brought us to the Ayrshire mine, which is connected by a two-foot gauge railway with Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. On Thursday 1st October my long journey was at an end, and I was able by telegraph to advise my friends in the north and in the south of my safe arrival at Salisbury.

From my faithful forty-two I parted with sincere regret. They had served me on the whole with praiseworthy devotion. Of their care for my person and my property I cannot speak too highly. The



NATIVE CARRIERS RETURNING HOME
(A Rest in the forest)

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

native is the most careful of porters, and not even my most fragile belongings suffered through rough usage. Their honesty is beyond all praise. I did not miss a pin, though my goods lay exposed in my tent all day long. When on one occasion I tried to get rid of a pair of worn-out socks, I found it a well-nigh impossible task. My tent attendant would laboriously extricate the cast-off footwear from the bush into which I had thrust them, and replace them carefully in my valise. I trust I shall never forget what I owe to the staunch men who, at the cost of much privation, bore me and mine so far and so safely.



CLOSING WORDS
RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT



*The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth?*

*How faint, through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Have seemed to us the captive's cries!
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain!*

*Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound,
Upraised in prayer.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*"Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto
God."—Ps. lxxviii. 32.*

CLOSING WORDS

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

RETROSPECT

MY task is well-nigh ended. I have carried my readers with me through a large portion of East Central Africa, and with them viewed the work which is being done by a portion of the Christian Church for God and for humanity. The growth of the work in Nyasaland has been marvellously rapid, and can be best considered by a comparison between the conditions obtaining in the years 1894 and 1903. In 1894 there were but 9 European workers in the field; in 1903 there were, inclusive of the men of the Orange River Church, no less than 34. In 1894 there were but 2 stations—Mvera and Kongwe; in 1903 there were 7. In 1894 there was a school at Mvera station, and two in the vicinity, while on the Lake Shore a few more schools, poorly attended, were languishing for want of interest. In 1903 there were 110 schools with nearly 10,000 children in attendance. In 1894 there were but few baptized Christians, and they had been received into the Church by our precursors on the Lake Shore—the Scotch brethren. In 1903

the baptized Christians numbered over 600, while 1325 were attending the baptism classes, and our schools were being served by a small army of 580 evangelists and teachers. In 1894 dense spiritual darkness prevailed over the whole land. In school and chapel there was but the feeblest conception of what the missionary was trying to teach. The mind of the heathen was absolutely blind and unenlightened; a conscience of sin was utterly unknown, and had still to be created by the power of the Spirit of God. In 1903 we witness a remarkable change. Light has arisen in the darkness. The people that sat in darkness have seen the great light. The Church of Christ has now been firmly established in Central Africa, and there she will remain until the advent of her Lord and King.

The influence of the mission is making itself felt throughout Central Angoniland. By means of the schools, with their eager and faithful teachers, the children of the country are having their minds impregnated with the teachings of the Gospel, and thus are often won for Christ. A band of devoted evangelists visit from time to time the surrounding villages at which no schools have yet been opened, so that the Gospel is even at such villages preached for a testimony. The attendances at church services and baptism classes show a steady increase which is most encouraging. From various parts of the field our workers report cases of men and women voluntarily coming to confess sin and seek admission to the class for baptism. Many of the native Christians are leading exemplary lives; many have

learned to give a portion of their produce or their toil to the service of God; many are exercising themselves in the ministry of intercession. To the intercessory prayers of faithful, earnest natives are due the spiritual awakenings that have recently gladdened our hearts at such places as Mkamache, Malowa, Maliri, Mtalamanja, Siasia. For all such tokens of God's mercy and undeserved grace we are constrained to say: "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

PROSPECT

In the present year (1904) we have, in our two fields in Central Africa, a total of thirty-eight mission workers. To carry on the work in which we are now engaged we need an annual sum of not less than £5000. Of this amount the Church of the Orange River Colony may be trusted to contribute the salaries of its own workers, and the Women's Mission Bond of the Cape Colony has made itself responsible for the salaries of the lady missionaries in the field. Some £4000 remains to be contributed voluntarily by all who long and pray for the coming of the eternal Kingdom. At the time of writing, the work in Nyasaland is burdened with a debt of nearly £3000, which, though it should not fill us with needless apprehension, nevertheless hampers us in our endeavours to deepen and extend the work of God. We trust that God's stewards will not let this opportunity slip of proving their "faithfulness in that which is least."

But we must not merely maintain ourselves in the positions we have wrested from the Prince of Darkness; it is our urgent duty to press on and subdue more fortresses. For, as Napoleon has taught us, the army which is satisfied to lie indefinitely in its trenches will ultimately be defeated. Within a year or two we shall have sufficiently occupied the territory for which we are at present responsible, and with our present staff and an able body of native assistants it will be possible to overtake the evangelistic and educational work in Central Angoniland. In which direction ought we to extend? Surrounded as we now are by the Portuguese on the south, the Lake on the east, and our brethren of the United Free Church on the north, only one way of extension opens up to us, namely *westwards*. Beyond the field now assigned to our colleagues of the Orange River Church stretches a vast territory, extending westwards to Garenganze and Mashukulumbweland, and southwards to Salisbury, *in which there is not, to my knowledge, a single Protestant missionary*. The country is quiet, and settled under the rule of the Chartered Company; the civil authorities would welcome our entrance, and the natives themselves are of friendly disposition and eager for instruction. Does not the finger of God point in this direction, and invite us to carry the light of the Gospel to this land of darkness?

In any case, we *must* extend. God commands it; the peril of the heathen makes it imperative; the large number of young men now offering for the mission-field, and in training at our theological colleges and

mission training-schools, makes it possible. Will the Church of Christ not confirm these mandates, and hasten to supply us by self-sacrificing effort with the means to carry God's light to Darkest Africa?

"Lo, the curtain now is lifting
From thy mountains and thy lakes.
O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming
Now for thee the day-beam wakes—
Land of darkness!
O'er thy hills the morning breaks."



FINIS



APPENDICES



APPENDIX I

LIST OF MISSIONARIES (1904)

CENTRAL ANGONILAND FIELD

<i>Mvera—</i>	Appointed.
Rev. W. H. Murray (Chairman Executive Council)	. 1894
Mrs. W. H. Murray	. 1900
Rev. A. L. Hofmeyr, B.A.	. 1901
Rev. C. H. Murray	. 1901
Mrs. C. H. Murray	. 1904
Dr. Wm. A. Murray, M.B., Ch.M.	. 1901
Mr. A. van der Westhuijsen	. 1894
Mrs. A. van der Westhuijsen	. 1900
Mr. E. Meyers (on furlough)	. 1899
Mr. C. N. Kempff	. 1904
Miss Martha Murray	. 1893
Miss Bertha Helm	. 1897
Miss Annie L. Durrant	. 1904
<i>Kongwe—</i>	
Rev. A. J. Liebenberg	. 1900
Mrs. A. J. Liebenberg	. 1900
Rev. J. J. Ferreira	. 1903
Mr. O. J. Cilliers	. 1903
Miss Martha Zondagh	. 1894
Miss Isie Hofmeyr	. 1900
<i>Mkoma—</i>	
Rev. T. C. B. Vlok	. 1889
Mrs. T. C. B. Vlok	. 1901
Rev. J. P. J. Joubert	. 1900
Mr. C. H. Minnaar	. 1903
Miss Lettie Stegmann	. 1897
Miss Gezina Dill	. 1901

Mlanda—

	Appointed.
Rev. A. G. Murray	1901
Mrs. A. G. Murray	1902
Rev. R. H. van Heerden	1902
Mrs. R. H. van Heerden	1904
Mr. J. G. Steytler	1903

Mpunzi—

Rev. B. P. D. Frijlinck	1897
Mrs. B. P. D. Frijlinck	1903

FIELD OF THE ORANGE RIVER CHURCH (B.S.A.)

Magwero—

Rev. J. M. Hofmeyr, B.A. (on furlough)	1899
Rev. P. Smit	1898
Mrs. P. Smit	1898
Mr. F. J. van Eeden	1903

Madzimoyo—

Rev. C. M. Hofmeyr	1903
Rev. J. H. van Schalkwijk	1903

*Fort Jameson—*Appointment pending.FORMER MISSIONARIES OF DUTCH REFORMED
CHURCH IN NYASALAND

	Reason for Withdrawal.	Service.
Rev. A. C. Murray, B.A., and wife	Ill health	1888 to 1901
Rev. R. Blake and wife	Ill health	1892 to 1901
Mr. J. S. Cridland	Died 1898	1893 to 1898
Rev. J. F. du Toit	Died 1897	1895 to 1897
Mrs. T. C. B. Vlok (the first, <i>nee</i> Miss Horne)	Died 1896	1895 to 1896
Mr. S. M'Clure	Died 1901	1897 to 1901
Miss Soyland	Appointed elsewhere	1898 to 1900

APPENDIX II STATISTICS OF THE CENTRAL ANGONILAND MISSION (1903)

NAME OF STATION.	When Established.	WORKERS.				ECCLESIASTICAL. (To ult. June 1903.)							EDUCATIONAL. (To ult. April 1903.)							Popu- lation.	
		Europeans.	Native Evangelists.	Native Teachers.	Total Native Workers.	Members of Kirk Ses- sion.	Total Communicants.	Communicants added past year.	Total Baptized Chil- dren.	Children Baptized past year.	Marriages during past year.	Baptism Class Members.	Station Schools.			Out-Schools.			Total being Educated.		
													Children.	Men.	Women.	Total.	Schools.	Teachers.			Children.
Mvera. . .	1889	10	47	109	156	6	230	34	135	37	8	427	318	40	131	489	33	106	2205	2694	25,000
Kongwe . . .	1894	6	21	147	168	4	78	18	55	18	18	167	225	229	220	674	16	127	1010	1684	30,000
Mkomia . . .	1896	6	34	93	127	3	48	24	38	15	3	208	233	160	145	538	19	86	1560	2068	23,000
Mlanda . . .	1901	3	35	86	121	5	250	61	100	23	10	523	193	15	20	228	37	121	3423	3651	30,000
Mpunzi . . .	1902	1	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	190	..	..	190	..	..	..	190	5000
Workers else- where . . .	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Totals . . .	..	28	137	442	579	18	606	137	328	93	39	1325	1159	444	516	2119	105	440	8198	10,317	113,000

APPENDIX III

GLOSSARY OF NATIVE AND DUTCH WORDS

- Ambiri, sambiri*, much, many.
Amisione, missionaries.
Baas, master (Dut.).
Billong, dried meat (Dut.).
Boerbeschuit, dried biscuit (Dut.).
Capitao, overseer of caravan.
Chifuwa, chest (of body).
Chinyama, great beast, lion.
Doko, ford (of river).
Donna, a European lady.
Futsi, an egg-laying insect.
Gogoland, land of insects (Dut.).
Haak-en-steek, wait-a-bit thorns (Dut.).
Hottentotsgod, the mantis insect (Dut.).
Jaagspinnekop, hunting (or racing) spider (Dut.).
Kafir-corn, millet.
Kalata, letter.
Kondwera, rejoice.
Klitsgras, a burr-weed (Dut.).
Kraal, enclosure, also native village.
Kufi, a house bug.
Machila, travelling hammock.
Mai, mother.
Mankwala, medicine.
Matekenya, the jigger or burrowing flea.
Mau, words.
Mealies, maize (Dut.).
Meebos, preserved apricots (Dut.).
Mfummu, pl. *mafummu*, chief.
- Mimba*, stomach.
Mkango, lion.
Moni, mornin', good-morning.
Moskomfijt, grape syrup (Dut.).
Mseu, highway.
Muisvogel, species of fruit-loving bird (Dut.).
Mutu, head.
Mzungu, white man.
Nditu, very, much.
Njala, hunger.
Njira, road, footpath.
Nkuku, fowl.
Nkokwe, granary.
Nsima, porridge.
Nyama, game, flesh.
Nyerere, small ant.
Oipa, bad.
Pang'ono, few, little.
Pamodai, together.
Patari, far.
Patsa, give.
Sing'anga, doctor.
Sjambok stroop, application of whip (Dut.).
Spoor, pl. *sporen*, tracks (Dut.).
Ti-rini, we have.
Tiyeni, come along! get on!
Trek, to march, shift camp (Dut.).
Ufa, millet meal.
Wamkulu, great.
Wedurwenaars, a kind of burr (Dut.).
Zeekeogaten, lit. hippo pools (Dut.).

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